

THIRD EDITION.]

MERRY ENGLAND.

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*Ellen Middleton.**

PART I.

IT is but seldom that readers have the good fortune to find the true preacher in the guise of a novelist, as well as with the vestments of the female sex. As regards everything which bears upon the higher functions and higher destinies of our nature, the presumptions are sadly against any book which issues from the press in the fatal form of three volumes crown octavo. Too truly may it be said of many novels of the day that, while they have escaped from the rudeness and grossness of earlier times, it has been by an artificial and unhealthful process; they have diffused the poison, not expelled it; they are whited sepulchres, and their uncleanness remains within, because they are still intended to stimulate appetite, not to minister food; they are still framed according to the maxims,

* "Ellen Middleton." By the late LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON (Bentley and Son). Of this highly favoured novel, which was written in 1844, its author, in an edition published in 1884, herself pertinently says: "The tale which is now reprinted, after the lapse of more than forty years, was published at a time when the writer was on her way to the Catholic Church, into which, two years after it appeared, she had the happiness of being received—a happiness which, at the end of a long life, is more deeply valued and gratefully appreciated than even in the first days, when submission had brought peace and joy to her soul. Some passages in this story contain language implying a belief in the intrinsic efficacy of Anglican ordinances, which, after her conversion to Catholicism, the authoress would not have used. They have, however, been allowed to remain, because they witness to needs of the soul which,

not of the Gospel, but of that world and flesh with which the Gospel is at perpetual war ; and religion, if it appears in them at all, appears as a foreign element, of which a certain portion must be introduced to satisfy, or rather to appease, the better description of public opinion. It lies there like oil on water without any thorough admixture, or any affinity to the general spirit and texture of the work. And in another class of romances, where religion is more copiously infused and more distinctly exhibited as an ingredient of the composition, how generally may the remark be made that the combination is inharmonious and repulsive; and that good intentions, employed in the endeavour to show off Christianity to the best effect, have only terminated in strengthening the latent, and furtive, and often unexpressed, but too real, too congenial impression of the reader's mind that, after all, it is the *gêne* of life; that we were born for what is visible and proximate; that the flavour of heavenly things is faint and vapid :

Eurer Priester summende Gesänge
Und ihr Segen haben kein Gewicht.*

What is given to God seems taken from man. We are robbed of some portion of solid enjoyment, and mere air is offered as a substitute. It is felt, upon the whole, that the vivid and penetrating parts of the story are those which are conversant only with human aims, joys, and passions, and that the Christian tone is a sickly and lowering addition. Indeed, we fear that many fictions of the class termed religious may have produced a revulsive effect ; and on this account there seems to be some

especially under circumstances at all analogous to those of the chief character in the tale, are felt by thousands who never avail themselves of the divine provisions made in the true Church for their relief. Since 'Ellen Middleton' was written many changes and what are called developments have taken place in the English Church. The tale exemplifies the feelings and longings of a generation now passing away ; but there are probably at this moment many as dissatisfied with the partial and unauthorised efforts made to produce a semblance of Catholicism in the Anglican Communion, as there were forty years ago souls longing for the attempt to be made, and happily destined to find it a failure. To such this story of the past—for so it may well be called—may not be without some interest."—[ED. *Merry England.*]

* Goethe's "Bride of Corinth."

reason for regarding with favour a work like "*Cœlebs*," in which invention forms an ingredient no larger than that of religion in ordinary novels ; that is to say it is imperceptible, and from the first page to the last almost unmitigated morality prevails. But we confess we should think better of "*Cœlebs*" if even that small element of fiction were expelled. Sermons and moral essays are exceedingly good things, or may be so, and there is no reason for publishing them under fictitious titles ; but it is not wise to give the reader ground to expect a more highly seasoned banquet, as he can then scarcely be blamed if he be disappointed at finding nothing except plain and homely fare.

Of the eminently able and eminently womanly work before us we may state, that of all the religious novels we have ever seen, it has, with the most pointed religious aim, the least of direct religious teaching ; it has the least effort and the greatest force ; it is the least didactic and the most instructive. It carries, indeed, a tremendous moral ; and were this an age of acute and tender consciences, practised in self-examination, and intensely sedulous in making clean the inner chambers of that heart of man which is ordained to be the Redeemer's abiding place, we might fear for its producing here and there wounds over deep and sharp. But our authoress has to deal with a dull and hardened state of the public mind, and she can do something towards quickening and arousing it. Let us not conceal it from ourselves that men cannot live for generations, and almost for centuries, deprived of any other spiritual discipline than such as each person, unaided by the external forces of the Church and the testimony of general practice, may have the desire and the grace to exercise over himself, without being the worse for it. We must needs have lost much both of the tone that such discipline was intended to maintain, and of the power to discern and realise the detriment we have incurred. Indeed, the notions have gone abroad among us, and that not only where avowed ungodliness prevails, but likewise in con-

nexion with very strict professions of religion, that the inward direction and government of the spirit are not a great, arduous, and perpetual work, but a mere corollary, following as matter of course, or little more, upon the sincere adoption of certain doctrines; and, therefore, that they need not be made the subject of a distinct solicitude and care; that the inward consequences of sin, though never corrected by Confession, by efforts of pain conscious and sustained, by restitution—those various parts of the process of repentance which test and ascertain its solidity, may be neutralised by the mere lapse of time, and, so to speak, taken up and absorbed like the ill humours of the body: that it shows a want of faith and savours of Judaism, or some other *ism*, to employ detailed and systematic means for the purpose of working out Christian renovation. Against this false philosophy and false religion the writer of the work before us does battle, not by any logical analysis and exposure of its deceptiveness, but exhibiting to us the machinery of a human heart in full play amidst the trials which critical combinations of circumstances present, and instituting before our eyes the appeal to its living experience. She has assailed that which constitutes, as we are persuaded, the master delusion of our own time and country, and, in the way of parable, and by awful example, has shown us how they that would avoid the deterioration of the moral life within them, must strangle their infant sins by the painful acts and accessories of repentance, and how, if we fall short of this by dallying with them, we nurse them into giants for our own misery and destruction.

But it is time we should introduce the story of Ellen Middleton. Mr. Lacy, a sort of model-Canon, is struck, while officiating in his cathedral, with the aspect of a woman who attends the services with interest, but apparently without joy or hope. He becomes acquainted with her, finds her to be suffering in a burdened and wounded spirit, and under the bodily pressure of a

hopeless consumption, which she seems to goad onwards to its maturity. He exhorts her to lay open her sorrows to him in the exercise of his priestly office, and she is led to place, by way of confession, her written history in his hands.

Ellen Middleton, an orphan, was educated in the house of her uncle and aunt, of the same name, and was attached sincerely to the former, to the latter tenderly. Stung by the petulant and repeated provocations of her cousin Julia, their only child and a selfish ill-conditioned girl, Ellen strikes her in a fit of anger; the child falls into a stream that flows by Elmsley Priory, and is drowned. A single voice utters the words: "She has killed her"; but for some time there is no other sign that there had been a witness to the scene. Meanwhile the fall had been taken by the family for an accident. Accusation or upbraiding often comes as a friendly force in aid of the reluctant hesitating tongue, and if Ellen had been suspected she had been saved; but the first words addressed to her show that there was no idea of her participation in the catastrophe. She had also her own violent agitation to bewilder her, and the dread of adding to the pangs of her uncle and aunt in the hour of their parental agony. So that at first she did not tell, then she would not, and then she could not. "The act of self-accusation grew into a moral impossibility." Her uncle says to her, "You are now our only child, Ellen." Presently she is asked by her aunt to pray for her, and—

Hot searing tears were slowly chasing each other down my cheeks, and the storm within was raging wildly in my breast, but I did not pray; I could not: a sheet of lead seemed to stretch itself between me and Heaven; and when the light of day broke slowly into the chamber of mourning, I closed my eyes not to see the sun in its calm majesty dawning on the first day of changed existence.

We think that the foundation of the subsequent story is laid in these events with great moral truth and no less artistic skill. The first offence is a blow struck in anger: the accidental

consequence of that offence, the death of a human being, formed no part of its guilt, but it aggravated the difficulty of confession, not only on account of the pain and shame to the offender from association, through a passionate act, with a fatal catastrophe, but likewise by enlisting a less ignoble motive on the side of concealment, namely, the apprehension of opening afresh the wounds of her nearest relatives and dearest friends, and depriving them of the entireness of their chief remaining joy in herself. On the one hand, it is left quite clear that she ought to have confessed; on the other hand, the incidents are so adjusted as to offer those small impediments and causes of diversion which frequently, by their successive action, effectually intercept the formation and execution of good resolutions; so that, while there is no obscuration of the dividing lines of right and wrong, no tampering with the principles of duty, yet the deviation is intelligible and in entire keeping with probability; as well as in a moral view, perhaps venial or secondary, certainly at first sight far from irrecoverable.

But from this beginning by a small sin our authoress has woven the tissue of her tale: the offence of a moment, and a concealment of it, far from being wholly coward-like and selfish, are the warp and the woof of the story, whose combining threads by slow but sure degrees enclose and entangle Ellen Middleton in meshes, from which escape becomes an impossibility. And we think an attentive reader can hardly do otherwise than admire the mode in which the entire detail of the book is made subservient to the unfolding in living representation of those cardinal truths: that in this world of ours, when once we have let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," "I cannot" presently waits upon "I dare not"; that our particular actions never terminate upon themselves; that our moral opportunities return not, except with enhanced art and diminished promise, like the Sibyl's books; and the faculty of inward choice, like the circulation of the blood in regions of intense

frost, can only be sustained by active exercise, and becomes benumbed and petrified, if its tension yield to the lethargy that ever presses upon it from the unkindly atmosphere without.

It is a sublime result of the Christian revelation to exhibit the strict and close concatenation which, in characters of great depth, force, and scope, links indissolubly together the occurrences of their inward history; and to evolve through a continuous detail into a great consummation the final fruit of some act, secondary in magnitude when it occurred, and seemingly long gone by, and yet to refer all the parts of this great scheme to their proper efficient cause respectively, in the free will and responsible agency of man. We look back with great admiration to those dramas of the Greeks, in which this unity of idea and fortune is most forcibly exhibited, a unity always directed towards crime and suffering, and testifying to divine truth, in so far as it teaches the doctrine of retribution, but sadly obscuring it, in so much as both are alike derived from an uncontrollable and iron necessity as their main origin. Again, the manner in which the chain of woe is carried on from generation to generation, from Agamemnon to Orestes, from Jocasta to Œdipus, and from Œdipus with Jocasta to Eteocles and Polycines, while it enhances the idea of retribution as an awful reality, still more perplexes the moral grounds of that idea: for if the offence of the parent were, so far as he was concerned, one of accident or of pardonable error, and was really referable to a hidden and superior decree alone, then the more faithful the transmission of the consequences, the more appalling indeed the picture of human misery, but the more ambiguous, or rather the more hopeless, is the path of escape, and the more perplexing the question, "If there be a God in the world, why are these things so?"

But to the practical dilemma which thus beset the fortunes of our race, and which fastened by a magic interest the creative

minds of paganism, Christianity brought a great solution. It showed us that there was indeed a reality in this doctrine of moral causation, that every act we do is full of the power of reproduction, that we are tracked and hunted by our own deeds; and that after we have lost them from view and from memory, they reappear and claim as of right the mastery over our fate. All the unity and continuity which, according to the Greek ideas of destiny, belonged to the processes of the life of man, are even more clearly shown by a Christian philosophy to pertain to it: but it is not because an arbitrary, unsympathising power, extrinsic to us, decrees a series of calamities to descend upon our heads, and determines to draw worship from the awe which the darkly-coloured picture, and the sad procession of its figures, shall instil; it is because a will residing within us, and made free to choose the better part, forges its iron chains link by link, in again and again choosing the worse; it is because every action done has a tendency to determine the form and character of that which is next to be done; and they who act without taking this tendency into account, are delivering themselves and their own future into the hands of a blind power, small at first, but rapid in its growth, in its maturity portentous and irresistible.

Unhappily these great truths, of which the philosophical exposition is to be found in Bishop Butler's doctrine of habits, have miserably fallen into neglect, during the periods of cold and superficial theology with which the Church of England has been afflicted. Some there have been in whose teaching Christian virtue has been a mere code of maxims and restraints, scarcely more calculated to be operative upon character in its latent springs, than the regulations of a turnpike road upon those who travel along it, instead of being "the power of an endless life," the manifestation of the heavenly gift, translucent from within through the veil of flesh. The law of inward formation could not but languish and decay, for it has seemed at times as if the

very idea of such a process had been lost. Then came that impatient reaction of minds which felt themselves defrauded of the great living powers enshrined in the Gospel Covenant, and they determined to recover those powers, and they sought as it were to ensure the possession and enjoyment of them by compressing their whole agency into a short and single crisis : a life of loathsome sin, the sharp pangs of a moment, hour, or day, and then a fixed, almost a dogged assurance of sanctity and of felicity, imagined to be founded on the principle of faith ; this was the history of the Christian soul in a peculiar phase of the world's religious life. But this device so short, so cheap, so simple, has long ago become full of cracks and fissures ; a strong man, as we readily grant, and an earnest one, made it, and it has served its day and done its work ; a stronger man is destroying it, and larger, broader, deeper truths rapidly resume their sway, and promise the revived consciousness and use, on behalf of the people of Christ, of all the means of discipline which He graciously bequeathed to them.

When Ellen Middleton has thus buried within her breast the secret of the catastrophe in which she had scarcely been a guilty agent, it follows very naturally that with a susceptible and imaginative temperament, she should brood inwardly over the act until its proportions become distended and magnified, and her own vision morbid ; that the very causes that render concealment more and more painful, should also render confession more and more difficult ; that she should be driven rather than led to the alternative of seeking for that excitement, of which unhappily the genuine enthusiasm of youth, and its powerful flow of feeling, are so frequently made the mere ministers and slaves.

Henry Lovell, the brother of Mrs. Middleton, and Edward Middleton, the nephew of her husband, are both frequent visitors at Elmsley, and are both possessed, from the very first pages of this narrative, with a very deep passion for

Ellen. They were contemporaries at college; and with characters fundamentally discordant, they had contracted an intimate friendship. Edward has great depth of feeling, but it is combined with an overwrought sternness, which gives him the power of sealing it, and rendering it wholly inaccessible; a sternness of which we must say that it is finally carried to the very verge of the probabilities of nature, although it is combined with a sentiment of justice so strong as to preclude precipitate conclusions, and although faith decidedly predominates over suspicion in the combination of the character; indeed, without this predominance, it could not have the nobleness which it undoubtedly presents. Edward is also a religious man in the sense that he acts habitually under the influence of a conscience towards God, although he is not a subdued, and therefore not, in a Christian sense, an elevated character. Henry Lovell, on the other hand, had the power of talking as if he felt all the charms of that truth and affection, of that love of what is good and what is beautiful, which form in the main the groundwork of Edward's character; all that to Edward was reality, to Henry Lovell was the pleasurable subject of mental speculation; and the community of expression which in this way would belong to the two—to the one as the spontaneous working of his soul, to the other as an exercitation of the mind for delight—form, as we take it, the point of union between them and the basis of their intimacy.

A dangerous gift, that same power of speech which simulates reality in treating of high matters of virtue, beauty, and affection: a gift of which the chief peril consists in this, that the possessor of it, while he deceives others, is also self-deceived, and is far less likely to become conscious of his own internal desolation, than if the actual evil within him were not chequered with images of good, and intercepted longings after it, which retain their aspect, but have been emptied of all inward energy. We have seen Henry called in print the villain of the book. But this is a

uniform description applied to a multiform character. If you mix all the colours of the composition together, no doubt the result will be a dark, a very dark one. Yet a man who can entertain a very strong, deep, and permanent attachment, who is capable of making, even once, a great effort of self-constraint and self-denial for the sake of another, and who dies of the wound that attachment had inflicted, does not represent an unrelieved depravity which constitutes the villain. We regard this person of the tale as one upon whose conception great pains have been bestowed with great success, and the intermixture of his qualities as most subtle and most true ; for, alas ! no artist's hand can rival actual nature in those wonderful combinations of good and evil motive in the same man, which everyone's outward, and happy is he if not also his inward, experience presents to him.

Henry Lovell had been the witness of the death of Julia ; and he therefore reads with accuracy the subsequent state of Ellen's mind. He dreads Edward as a rival, and he determines to make use of his knowledge for the purpose of displacing him, of gaining possession of Ellen's heart, if he can, or if not, then of her hand, or even, failing both these, of exercising a potent sway over her happiness and obtaining in the last resort, that kind of consolation which one, whose passion is founded in selfishness, derives from perceiving, and letting others perceive, that he can agitate and sway the object of his love in almost every other mode, if not in that of the reciprocal sentiment. This is, in fact, the refined form, suitable to such an age as that we live in, of the thirst for vengeance accruing upon rejected overtures, which, in more barbarous times, has converted wounded admirers into cruel persecutors ; for it is not in such cases that an abstract hatred takes the place of love, but it is that the selfish elements, often very largely mingled, and even predominating in that passion, may overbalance when the hope of success is cut off, its gentler and nobler influence ; and the

suitor having failed in exercising power over the person beloved through her will, aims at the next best result, namely, wielding it, and establishing, as it were, his interest and property in her against her will. Some persons, we understand, are what our forefathers called "stumbled" at this iniquity of Lovell's, but we apprehend they forget that love, however popular be the name, as the centre of all novels and comedies and most tragedies, is not necessarily a generous emotion at all: that the possession of the heart of a fellow-creature *may* be desired with a selfishness as gross and as unmixed as gold, or jewels, or any other earthly creature; and that although the cases of such ripe depravity are rare, yet, perhaps, rarer still are those in which vanity and self-love and the mere desire of acquisition, do not form some portion of that sentiment; in which some part of the pain of rejection does not arise from the wound inflicted upon self-esteem. Lovell's was a case in which the baser ingredients were much larger than usual; but we fear that even this extreme degree is entirely within the bounds of nature.

He ministers to Ellen's morbid state of mind by the lavish application of his varied powers of amusement and excitement. From rapid exercise on horseback, up to the highest resources of books and conversation, every means were sedulously applied to stimulate the imagination and to drown thought. But "there was not a grain of tenderness in the feverish predilection she entertained for him," although his society was interesting to her in a high degree, and his absence caused a painful void. In the meantime Edward, dissatisfied with the exaggeration and fitfulness of her life, and with the appearance of an interest in Henry, goes abroad.

Henry, finding that no real progress has been made, puts another engine into play. He procures for Ellen an invitation from another aunt, Mrs. Brandon, whom he prepossesses with a notion that they are attached, and places Ellen in that position relatively to the party at the house, which of itself, if it does not

make a marriage, often mars one. All, however, is in vain ; " he fascinated her mind, but did not touch her heart." Yet she was herself in part deceived, and for some time did not dispel his belief that his affection was returned. In the meantime her inward pains are not assuaged ; and at church, attracted by the venerable aspect of the officiating clergyman, she conceives the idea of confessing to him. By a little plan she separates herself from her party after service. She awaits him in the churchyard, and rises as he passes.

" I am glad you like our old churchyard," said Mr. Leslie ; and then he began talking of the views, of the neighbouring scenery, of the ruined palace now transformed into a farm, of all the subjects he thought would interest me, little thinking that at that moment the secret of a life of anguish, the confession of an over-burdened conscience, was trembling on my lips. The more he talked, too (although there was nothing unsuitable to his sacred office in anything he said), the more I felt to lose sight of the minister of God—of the messenger of Heaven—in the amiable, conversable, gentleman-like man before me.

We must pause for a moment to moralise upon the case of Mr. Leslie. Religion has of late years been driven back in great part from that acknowledged position of prominence and authorised power which it once used to occupy in ordinary life ; although not absolutely " relegated into obscure municipalities and rustic villages," yet it cowers and skulks in society, and manifests not itself until, by some careful application of the touchstone, it has ascertained in what quarter sympathy exists. Or else, in minds more fearless, or less delicate, it projects upon the surface, not in its natural effluence, but according to some harsh and crude form, with effort and with assumption. In this state of things it is hard, even for the priest, to be so absorbed in the sense of that vocation that attends him whithersoever he goes, as not ordinarily to remit somewhat of the character and bearing that belong to it ; and we believe that if the interior of hearts were opened, there would appear to be many, who meet

together in discourse, and who, simply from fear and mutual distrust, keep their conversation far below the tone at which it would be most congenial to them all. And yet it is not by violence of effort that this state of things can be amended; it must be by the diffusion of the atmosphere of devotion in which men can meet and breathe freely: it must be by the recognition of those symbols of religion which have become so faint and few among us, and among which will be prominent the broad and clear development of the clerical character, both as it respects the obligation of the clergy to live nearer to God than others, and likewise as regards the making full proof of their ministry, and fitting their whole demeanour to the special and so to speak, specific form which belongs to it.

Ellen is now recalled by her uncle, Mr. Middleton, who has heard of his brother-in-law's intentions with respect to her, and is determined to intercept them. But before her departure Henry Lovell arranges a visit to the seashore; and we must give the passage which describes the first approach.

We turned a corner in the road, and for the first time the sea lay stretched before my eyes. It was rough; the waves were crested with foam; and already I heard them break with that sullen roar, with that voice of the ocean, in which, as in the thunder of Heaven, we instinctively recognise the voice of God. We drove up to the little inn where the horses were to be put up; I could hardly wait for the step of the carriage to be let down, and hastened alone to the beach; the sea was not, as I have seen it since, blue and calm, glittering with a thousand sparks of light; not like some quiet lake which ripples on the shore, and murmurs gently as it bathes the shining pebbles in its limpid wave; no, it was as I would have chosen to see it for the first time—stormy, wild, restless, colourless from the everlasting fluctuation of colour—brown, purple, white, yellow, green, in turns: billows over billows chased each other to the shore, each wave gathering itself in silence, swelling, heaving, and then bursting with that roar of triumph, with that torrent of foam, that cloud of spray, that mixture of fury and of joy, which nothing in nature but chafed waters combine.* O God! I have

* See Coleridge's beautiful lines on the Avalanches.

suffered much; terror, remorse, agony have wrung my heart, have shattered my nerves; I have been guilty, I have been wretched; I dare not thank Thee for the tumultuous joys of passion, for the feverish cup of pleasure hastily snatched, and as suddenly dashed to earth; but I will thank Thee for the swelling of the heart, for the lifting up of the soul, for the tears I have shed, for the ecstasy I have known on the seashore, in the forest, on the mountain. The heart knoweth its own bitterness; but there is also a joy with which the stranger intermeddles not.

The reader will observe that this is not cited as an example of the working of a devout mind, but, on the contrary, one that is imaginative and susceptible, and, though able to recognise communion with God in His natural works, not yet inwardly subdued. Ellen, however, had at this time other subjects of excitement awaiting her. Lovell took the opportunity of proposing to her a secret and immediate marriage; and on her refusal, which revealed to her the state of her own heart, and made her conscious that he had no part in her affections, he burst into violent menaces, and declared to her that their fates were mysteriously intertwined; that they must be happy together, or miserable apart; and that others would be involved in the calamities of his rejection. This scene is impassioned and eloquent in a high degree.

Immediately after this desperate outburst, Lovell marries a young creature of exquisite beauty and simplicity, by name Alice Tracy, the grand-daughter of his nurse, educated in circumstances somewhat better than that name would indicate (as a member of the family had died wealthy), in perfect freedom from the knowledge and contact of evil, and in singular purity and devotion of character. She married him in simple obedience to the grandmother who had reared her. To the old woman it had ever been a darling object of ambition that this union should take place; and her power to force Lovell into it rested upon a document with his signature, which recited that she had advanced a large

sum of money to replace a theft committed by him in a moment of desperation for the purpose of liquidating a gambling debt.

We do not deny that there is some complexity in the accessory incidents of this story, nor do we hold the plot to be constructed with the highest technical skill, so far as regards its details ; but we are chiefly concerned with the far higher qualities of delineation of character in its finest and most fugitive shades, as well as in its broadest and deepest colours (that is, according as modern life and habits admit these terms to be applied), for which the work is remarkable.

Soon after this marriage, the return of Edward Middleton is announced. His passion for Ellen is unabated, and she cherishes one of equal ardour, but yet one mixed with dread of his severity. At first she determines to make her confession to him ; but when his eyes fell upon words in her writing that had reference to the subject, again she flinches ; and when he affords her the opportunity by asking what they mean—"I laughed hysterically, and said they meant nothing: that was the first time I lied to Edward." Again weakness hardens into a resolution of evil, and she determines never to tell him that which she conceives would make him loathe her ; but she also determines, as an act of self-denial, that she will on no account marry him ; and this she makes known to him upon his declaration. Although she vehemently disavows all love to Henry, he leaves in mistrust as to the cause, and as to her general sincerity.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

(To be concluded next month.)

*Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal
Archbishop of Westminster.*

PRINCE of God's court, and Christ His flag-bearer,
How splendid is thy state !
Great amongst men, and great
Past summing-up in thy King's kingdom there !

An old man bowed with years ;
Years full of labours and soul-gathering,
To lie within the Master's net, and bring
That net soul-laden to the eternal spheres.

We know thee one of those
Whom at their birth the Dove o'ersadoweth ;
The Dove that is God's Spirit and His breath,
The Bird of Love that knows.

Lo, now His gifts in thee !
His sevenfold gifts like tapers in thy hand ;
His twelvefold fruits around thy brow to stand
Like the pale flames that Pentecost did see.

Awed, I came to thy presence to behold
A prince more stately than earth's princes are.
Thou who hast followed well that great pale Star
That leads men to the stable as of old !

Out of the wilderness ;
Out of the baffling darkness thou didst come
Following the great Star that led thee home
Through danger and distress.

As once the Eastern kings
Didst leave behind a pleasant place of cheer.
O Sussex woods and lanes, ye too were dear !
And dear the nightingales in many springs.

And love was sweet, and friends
Were good, and praise of men and dreams of fame ;
But sweeter for Christ's Passion and His Name,
To give all earthly joys for finer ends.

So be it ! A prouder lot
Is his, the beloved father of the poor ;
God's knight-errant, through many a snare and lure
Riding, and fearing not.

Plucking from hidden place
The evil beast, and slaying it with the sword ;
Freeing the slave of many a wicked lord,
Smiting the great sin's face.

Lo, he himself a Star !
To hang above the peoples, and lead on,
To where the lowly Christ hath raised His throne,
Hearts from anear and far.

Father, O deign to bless
One child of all the myriads whose hearts beat
For thee, all day, in love and loyalty sweet,
In praise and tenderness.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

In Memoriam: William George Ward.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

~ Farewell, whose ^{living} like ~~on earth~~ I shall ~~not~~ find,
Whose Faith & Work were bells of full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of all ultra-moderates, Hard,
How subtle at times & just of mind with mine,
How loyal in the following of Thy Lord!

Tennyson

William George Ward.

THE graceful yet painstaking and conscientious tribute which Mr. Wilfrid Ward has paid to his father's memory could not fail to make a very attractive volume.* The freshness and variety of the character portrayed, its thorough-going honesty and genuineness, the way in which Dr. Ward threw himself, heart and soul, into the Oxford Movement, without an *arrière pensée*, and the collisions, usually more grotesque than painful, in which this involved him, combine in a medley now heartily amusing the reader, now melting him almost to tears. This latter effect is produced by the deep unaffected piety and Christian humility co-existing in the subject of this memoir with joyous high spirits and an unusual mathematical accuracy of mind. Yet there is, inevitably, more of Democritus than of Heraclitus in the pages; or we would rather say, in terms which Ward himself would have borrowed from the great philosopher of Stagira, the *σπουδαῖον* and the *γελοῖον* interlace and relieve each other in a manner truly enchanting.

A son recording and interpreting the sayings and doings of a father, has a twofold peril looming ahead; the rocks and the whirlpool. His subject demands that he shall not become the undiscerning writer of a panegyric; while his near relationship, and the hallowed memory of a parent's affection and qualities, forbid him unduly to enlarge on topics, if any, that would be treated by an unbiassed biographer in a hard-handed way. These, however, seem scarcely, if at all, to have existed in Dr. Ward's case; and the writer's task was all the more easy. He has

* "W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement." (Macmillan.)

equally freed himself from the opposite temptation of unbounded praise. Peculiarities, first-sight inconsistencies, arising merely from incongruous elements of character, each strongly developed, may be fairly and candidly noticed by the nearest and dearest, with no diminution of reverence or affection. Here, therefore, is "nothing to extenuate," while there is no danger, even remote, to "set down aught in malice."

Dr. Jowett's estimate of his contemporary's character is given in a very able and sympathetic letter to the son. He sums up his recollections in a sort of epigram, which, together with an amount of exaggeration, contains truth enough to recall the subject of it in a graphic and genial way. "Ward," says the Master of Balliol, "was a kind of combination of Socrates and Falstaff." The Socratic element, however, greatly preponderated; for there was little in the exuberant joyousness of Dr. Ward, blowing off, as it were, the steam of his severer intellectual exercise, to remind anyone of the worldly-wisdom and godlessness of Falstaff's wit. Nor can the comparison with Socrates be admitted without reservation; for while the questioner of Athens dealt with the concrete, and his "Dæmon" was a truly practical personage, ever indicating to him what to avoid, the Oxford searcher after truth was in pursuit of the "Ideal" and the abstract. In that holy quest, he avoided nothing. It loomed before him, the objective. Here, and in his intense appreciation of the spiritually beautiful, he rather resembled Plato. But, dismissing parallelisms, it is pleasant to turn to a chatty description of Dr. Ward's Oxford days, and of how he then presented himself to the minds of his contemporaries. Mr. Lonsdale, son of a late Bishop of Lichfield, writes to the author:—

I was his college pupil in mathematics; in teaching them, he was vigorous and animated. He was most undonnish, but yet we felt that we could not take liberties with him. . . . He was not very particular as to his dress, and would say: "What is the use of my dressing well? I am never anywhere except in

London and at Oxford. In Oxford it does not matter, because everyone knows who I am; in London it does not matter, because no one knows who I am." . . . He was at Oxford long before the history schools were established, and was no believer in history as a study,* and I remember his saying: "I would as soon know all about Mr. Smith getting up in the morning, having his breakfast, and going to the City in a 'bus, as the details of Cambyses conquering Egypt." . . . He had a wonderful memory, and could repeat scores of lines of burlesque poetry. In conversation he was marvellously quick, and lively, and varied. Of anecdotes he had a great store; he was always willing to listen to objections to what he had said, and surprisingly quick in giving answers to them. He was unwearied in arguing; to hear him argue was indeed a treat. As I look back through many years, I can remember none like him, and have a lively recollection of his kindness to those who were younger and inferior; his willingness to talk to them, and to listen to them too, the clearness of his intellect, the good-humoured enjoyment with which he entered into discussion, his apparent desire of fairly sifting all questions to the bottom. I remember his saying to me, "My creed is very short: *Credo in Newmannum*."† (This was, of course, after he had joined the Newmanites in 1838.)

Many an argument in particular would he have with Mr. Tait, then fellow of Balliol, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The shrewdness of the Scotchman and the logical power of Mr. Ward were well pitted against one another. Once when Mr. Tait said, "Your opinions are not the right ones for a fellow of this college to hold" (referring . . . to Tractarian opinions), he answered in an instant: "I should like to know whose opinions, yours or mine, agree most with those of the founders of the college." He asked his friend, Mr. Oakeley, then a fellow of the college, "Melancthon was not so *detestable* as the rest of the reformers, was he?" . . . There was a clever but perhaps rather conceited candidate for the fellowship at Balliol, and one of the fellows said: "If he should be elected I fear we should never be able to keep him in order in the common room"; but

* This statement must be somewhat qualified if it is to be reconciled with some of his Oxford writings. But he certainly disliked the dry details of history, where they threw no light whatever on the philosophy of life.

† He told, too, I recollect, of a man who used to thank God that he could worship Him in the retirement of his closet and the privacy of his pew; and of another who used to repeat the Apostles' Creed with an alteration, "I believe in the Holy Protestant Church."

another answered: "I think we need not fear, Ward will do that."

Having to leave the college on account of my health, I lost the pleasure of your father's wonderful conversation and kindly society just at the time when I should have enjoyed them most. However, the remembrance of them and of your father is very distinct after the lapse of between forty and fifty years. His great friend in college was kind, good, lovable, scholarlike, and gentle Mr. Frederick Oakeley; and the striking contrast between the two friends—both so good, yet so very different in manner and gifts—makes me remember both most clearly and most pleasantly, so that at times I can almost fancy I am still in the old common room with them.

Some readers may be surprised at the term "Newmanism" occurring in this letter, which adds force to Ward's compendious profession of faith: *Credo in Newmannum*. For the Oxford Movement has been long defined and identified in the popular mind as the "Puseyite" or "Tractarian." It needs to go back as far as the year 1833 to apprehend the pre-eminent part which John Henry Newman, fellow of Oriel and vicar of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin (the University Church) was destined to hold in it from the first. That year, designated by the Cardinal, in his after lectures to Anglicans, as the date when the Movement took its rise, was made an epoch by the passing of Lord Stanley's Bill for the amalgamation of the Sees of Bangor and St. Asaph. This fired the train which had been laid in thoughtful and devout minds by the study of the Fathers and English divines of the Nonjuring school. They had learnt, by reading and prayer, higher and more spiritual views of Church authority, than to submit to such an intrusion of the things of Cæsar into the things of God. Mr. Keble, much better known in latter years by his "Christian Year," preached before the University a sermon on "National Apostasy," which Hurrell Froude described with great admiration as being "fierce enough for anyone." Hurrell himself went in for being what Dr. Johnson would have denominated "a good hater"; that is, of the indolent, the self-sufficient, and unworthy. One might suppose

that Coleridge had anticipated him in his "Imaginary Epitaph" on one who should be

passionate for ancient truths,
And honouring with religious love the great
Of other days ; he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Their worthless idols—

though it would be most unjust not to record the deep and almost fierce self-criticism and self-contempt with which he came under his own lash : as witness so many passages in his "Remains," published by his friends, Newman and Keble, after his early and lamented death. He hated the imperfect everywhere, and most of all in himself.

We must not linger over these characters and events, which have been made immortal in the Cardinal's "Apologia:" they are here referred to in illustration of the fact that in the early days of the Tract Movement, or of those who rejoiced to designate their tenets as "Apostolical," the leading minds were three: Newman, Froude, and Keble. They are named in this order, in the *ratio* of their force and personal influence in the University. Pusey was comparatively nowhere. He was immersed in German theology. Keble, again, is placed last on the brief list, because, after an exceptionally early and distinguished University course, he had married and retired upon a living. He thus belonged to what was called "the Country Party."

"Newmanism," then, was the term expressive of the love, admiration, and trust of an increasing number of undergraduates, and a select circle of their seniors. It denoted, for example, those who were content to take their chance of losing a Sunday dinner, in order to steal out to St. Mary's, where Newman's parochial service began in the quietest of ways, after the mutual contradiction of tongues often heard in the University sermon of morning and afternoon. Then, from the

pulpit where the Bampton Lecturer had laboriously demonstrated some platitude in "Natural Theology," and the incumbent from the country, robustious, and red with the exertion, had denounced the Tractarians and their insidious attacks upon our venerable Establishment, came the tones of a silver voice. By turns plaintive and solemn, subduing in its whisper, almost hushed at times, and thrilling in its pauses; pleading with all the energy of suppressed emotion, it winged its way to every heart by virtue of the manifest absorption of the speaker in his subject. And that subject! Marvellous applications of Scripture—the "how true, and yet I have always missed it!"* of the Greek rhetorician; and those inspired words shot, as by a keen arrow drawn at a venture, into the individual conscience; it was the higher and larger wisdom of another day, drawn out dimly, tentatively, by the masterhand of one who sought with painful hope, and who had not yet found—this was "Newmanism," or one chief phase of it.

And what, all the while, was Dr. Ward's standpoint? He had not yet learnt to "believe in Newman." Quite the contrary, as is shown in the following extract from the contemporary notes of a very capable observer.

Ward of Balliol is a man of great power. He came up to Oxford a Benthamite, a believer in virtue being the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In fact, he was a Rationalist. He was fellow of Balliol not long after 1830.† He was a very energetic talker of great power of reasoning. . . . His chosen field was the region between religion and scepticism. He felt little scruple in winning over converts to Rationalism by very elaborate assaults in sophistry. After a while John Henry Newman [began] the Tractarian Movement. He was vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford—the church of the University also. He preached regularly on Sunday afternoons at five o'clock from St. Mary's pulpit. His sermons, as is well known, excited an interest as widely spread as it was keen amongst his audience—eager to hear more, sharply stirred up by the genius, the delicacy

* 'Ὡς ἀληθὺς, ἐγὼ δ' ἡμάρτον.—Aristot. Rhet.

† Mr. Price is not quite accurate as to his dates. Ward came up to Oxford in 1830, but was not fellow of Balliol till 1834.

and subtlety of thought, the intense religious feeling, and above all by the flashes of unspeakable mystery which pervaded his utterances. The excitement they created scattered waves of feeling far beyond the precincts of the University. Ward was often pressed to go and hear them, but he impetuously refused: "Why should I go and listen to such myths?" What he heard of the nature and effects of these sermons revolted him. At last one of his friends laid a plot against him. He invited him to take a walk, and brought him to the porch of St. Mary's Church precisely as the clock was striking five. "Now, Ward," said he, "Newman is at this moment going up into his pulpit. Why should you not enter, and hear him once? It can do you no harm. If you don't like the preaching you need not go a second time; but do hear and judge what the thing is like." By the will of God, Ward was persuaded, and he entered the church. . . . That sermon changed his whole life.

The change became "thorough" in a much better sense than the word bears in Laud's correspondence with Strafford; and thenceforward Dr. Ward was one of the most zealous followers of the Movement. Indeed, his uncompromising candour made him in some sort an *enfant terrible* among those who naturally, even supernaturally, desired to make every step sure before they planted foot upon it.

The feeling embodied in the beautiful stanzas of "Lead, kindly light"—"I do not ask to see the distant scene," and "One step enough for me"—seems to have indicated what was from the first Newman's view of the situation. Principles and ideals were plain, but the nature of their practical outcome could not be known, and time alone could disclose it. In 1836 Newman made, in a series of lectures in St. Mary's, the first systematic attempt to define publicly the theory of the Anglican Church which the Movement advocated, which he called the *via media* between Protestantism and Popery. The lectures were entitled, "The Prophetical office of the Church, viewed relatively to Romanism and popular Protestantism." They professed to explain the logical outcome of the Movement, but they did not succeed. In their very form they were tentative. "It still remains to be tried," he said, "whether the *via media* is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, or whether it be a mere modification or transition stage of either Romanism or popular Protestantism." He owns in

the "Apologia" that he had a latent feeling that his mind had not found ultimate rest. The theory was a provisional one, and the Movement had not really explained itself. It was advancing towards something, but its *terminus* was still out of sight.

Such little steps in a long ladder did not suit Ward, who wished to "see the distant scene"; the more immediately, the better. Moreover, he was driven towards the Catholic Church by his personal humility; the very feeling, mistakenly indulged, which seems to have kept Keble back. "When such good people as my brother Tom and my sister Elizabeth have no doubts about their position," Keble is reported to have said, "why should such a fellow as I?" Ward, with more consistent logic, argued: "Being such as I am, I need the best system I can find." This same humility he carried into the question of his own ordination. Here, indeed, his logic rather failed him; for evidently, a man may be only too conscious of being unworthy, yet equally conscious of being a priest. But it was Ward's habit of mind to push things *à outrance*. "When Macmullen said to him, one day: 'Bear in mind that you are on our principles really a priest of God,' Ward broke off the discourse, saying: 'If that is the case, the whole thing is infernal humbug'" (p. 217).

Our readers must be indulged with one of the lighter passages of the book. The "Margaret Street," near Cavendish Square, here to be noticed, was the site of a little proprietary chapel, ultra-Protestant in its architecture and arrangements, once the property of Henry Drummond, M.P., the well-known "Irvingite," who had appointed Mr. Dodsworth as incumbent, on the recommendation of Hugh M'Neile! A strange medley, on which there is no time just now to dwell. Before "Margaret Street" was changed by the liberality of the late Mr. Beresford Hope into the present beautiful structure, the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, came to visit it, with some very natural suspicions. Mr. Oakeley, however, had not yet "Anglicised" the place, and

it still presented to view a mean little communion-table, over which the pulpit, a more important piece of furniture, was entered by a back-door from the sacristy behind. The preacher, therefore, used to shoot up suddenly to view in the face of the congregation; flanked, if I rightly remember, by the Ten Commandments. Dr. Blomfield, who was nothing if not facetious by no means averse from having a twit at the incumbent, by aid of a dictum of St. Vincent of Lerins, then much on the lips of Anglicans—*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Oakeley, you have here reversed St. Vincent's saying; this is *Quod nunquam, quod nusquam, quod à nemine*!"

So much for personal recollection: now for the other anecdote.

At Margaret Street, Mr. Ward preached on the Evangelical counsel of poverty, and Bishop Blomfield sent for him to give an account of himself. The story which is told of the interview is, that the Bishop charged him with having preached in favour of "monkish" practices, which the Anglican Church condemned. "Charity and liberality were most commendable," he said, "but to preach the excellence of giving up everything was Popish and fanatical. Did not the Reformation condemn it in its abolition of monkery?" "Where," he asked, "is your sanction as an English clergyman, and not a Popish priest, for preaching such doctrines? Where do you find such practices recommended in our Church, or," he added, in an unguarded moment, "in Scripture?" Mr. Ward replied: "One thing is wanting to thee; go, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, follow Me." He escaped, however, with a reprimand, and Margaret Street was allowed to proceed in its un-Protestant course for a year or two more. Its end came—as a centre of High Church devotion—soon after Ward's condemnation by the Oxford authorities in 1845, and Oakeley's avowal of participation in the censured views.

Extracts like these feebly represent how from grave to gay, from lively to severe, through a closely printed volume of 460 pages, the author and compiler leads us on, without a feeling of satiety on the reader's part, and no flagging on his own. It is not a book to be skimmed, or, as Bacon would say, to be

swallowed ; for it is one of those which must, according to his aphorism, be "chewed and digested." At the same time, it is relieved by the innate buoyancy of the character depicted, and so reminds one of those ancient tragedies, where, after the gravest topics, comes an interlude, or epilogue of a more comic cast. The man who appealed from Philip after dinner to Philip in his moods of calmer deliberation, did not more completely designate two several phases of an individual, than the reader who turns from Ward, the powerful and accurate thinker, the brilliant conversationalist, the humble, prayerful, transparently genuine and earnest seeker, to Ward enacting the *buffo* part in a not very exalted opera to a circle splitting with laughter, but to the no small disturbance of the college tutor in his rooms below.

These few pages, then, have been mere occasional and superficial dips into a life possessing unusual interest on two grounds; the many-sided attractive personality that forms its theme, and the important intellectual and spiritual movement amid which that personality was developed. Such a period, and such a movement, will probably never appear again in the world's chronicle. It is most unlikely that in any other country or condition of society the same elements, or similar ones, will concur to a result so remarkable. A small coterie of cultivated and earnest men, "led blindly by a way they knew not," believing themselves to serve one interest while in truth they were being drawn, and powerfully drawing others with them, to promote another, were enabled to change in large measure the face of more than one generation of their country's religious life. They attracted a hatred and opposition which they may almost be said to have courted by their outspoken honesty. They were loudly bidden to go "elsewhere," while in fact they were anxiously feeling their way towards an imaginary height within the Establishment, which proved a mirage as they drew nearer. As is described so exquisitely in the "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties," they made every effort to exalt the Bishops to what

they fancied their true position ; and it was those very Bishops who put them down, who "executed a solemn war-dance round their victims," and "handselled their Apostolical weapons on the Apostolical party." All this remains to be told in full. May it be told, not only well, but speedily ; for they who are cognisant of the facts are passing fast away. But it may safely be asserted, that next to Newman's "Apologia" itself, no more important contribution to the momentous story will be found than the measured and philosophical volume here inadequately noticed.

W. H. ANDERDON, ²S.J.



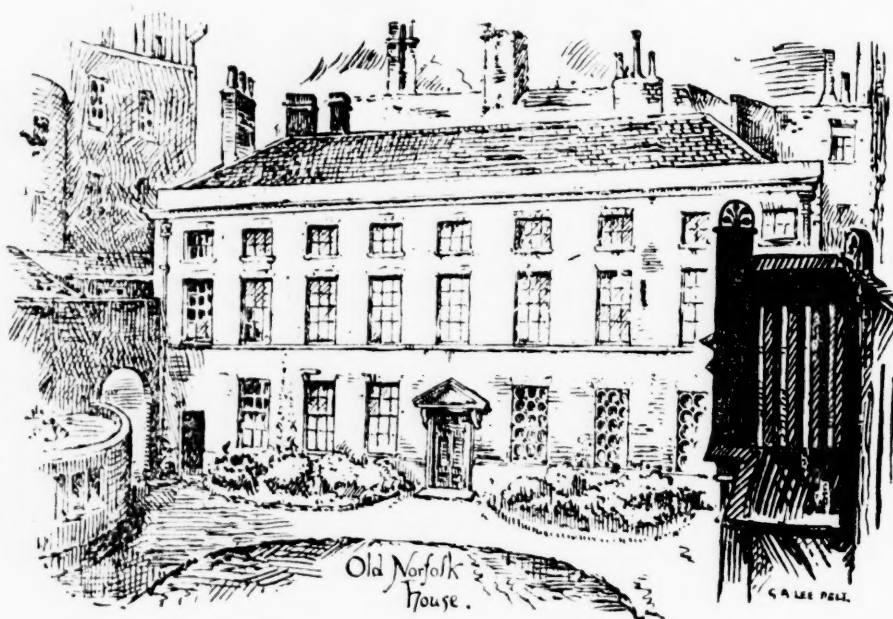
NORFOLK HOUSE.

New and Old.

ARUNDEL HOUSE, in the Strand—at the time we write of a country road—the great town house of the Dukes of Norfolk, was pulled down in 1674, and Arundel Street was begun to be built in 1678. For ten years the Howards had no house of their own in London, until, in 1684, they acquired the mansion, garden, and part of the grounds which had belonged to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans,* the second husband of Queen Henrietta Maria, who, by the way, must have sincerely regretted the step she took in giving the royal Stuart such an unworthy successor; for Lord St. Albans treated his wife very badly indeed, if half the gossip of the period is to be relied upon. His house, at the time the Norfolks bought it, was quite new, and stood in a garden which extended over where Waterloo Place now is, having an entrance gate and lodge situated at the north-east corner of John Street, where the office of the Arundel Estate now stands. The largest portion of this house still remains, in the centre of the block of buildings formed by Waterloo Place, Charles Street, Pall Mall, and St. James's Square, and is known as "Old Norfolk House." Of its general appearance, which is severe and unpretending, the accompanying sketch gives a very fair idea. It represents the front and principal entrance, as seen from the windows of the new house, which stands some forty or fifty yards in advance of it.

* After whom Jermyn Street is named, and that part of Regent Street, from the Quadrant to Carlton House Terrace, which was formerly St. Alban's Street.

Uninhabited, and devoted to rats, spiders, and—in the case of one room—musty records, the old edifice presents few features of interest. It consists of but four large rooms: two on the ground floor, right and left of the entrance hall, and two corresponding ones on the first floor, but of vastly superior height, and lighted by a double row of windows. In the largest room, that on the first floor to the right, is the only thing of interest in the house, the very perfect remains, on the slightly arched roof, of a fine painted ceiling, representing various rather improper mythological subjects, in the style familiar to visitors



at Hampton Court where this decoration abounds. In this room George III. was born. Edward, eighth Duke of Norfolk, in whose time this event took place, had, before his accession to the title, taken part in the first Jacobite rising in 1715, for which, in June of the following year, he was tried at Westminster and acquitted. In 1737 a quarrel arose between George II. and his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, on the question of a separate allowance to the Prince; and the King, by the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, sent a peremptory order to Frederick to quit St. James's Palace, where he then re-

sided, together with his wife and family. Knowing that no other step would give so much offence to his father as to take up his residence at a Jacobite Papist's house almost at the Palace gates, Frederick accepted the Duke of Norfolk's offer of hospitality and settled at Norfolk House, which promptly became the centre of opposition to the Court and of every political intrigue. George, still more irritated, issued another order, which was published in the *London Gazette*, that anyone who called on the Prince and Princess of Wales should not be received at Court; and thus the little civil war continued briskly, to the amusement of the idlers and wits. In June, 1738, the Princess was confined of her second child, afterwards George III., and great was the excitement at Norfolk House. The Duke of Queensberry and Lord Carnarvon were one after another sent off to the King, at Kensington Palace, to report the great event, while the two Protestant Archbishops arrived to officially record the evidence of such an important fact.* A few days later the Lord Mayor in state, and accompanied by a cavalcade of eighty-five carriages, invaded St. James' Square and its precincts—to the great annoyance of the Court—in order to present to the Prince the hearty congratulations of the loyal citizens of London. All these circumstances were not without their favourable bearing on the question of the removal of Catholic disabilities, in which, with all their co-religionists, the Norfolks were deeply interested. The Duchess Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Edmund Blount, of Blackdown, in Devonshire, was gifted with great talents, was popular with all parties, and “by familiarising them with each other, their prejudices were softened and their mutual goodwill increased.”† There are two portraits of her at Arundel, which show her to have been when young extremely handsome and sprightly, and in middle life agreeable and stately.

* “The same Day [June 24th] the new-born Prince was very ill, and at 11 at Night was privately baptiz'd by the Bp. of *Oxford*, by the name of GEORGE; but next Day was much better, and her Royal Highness in a fair Way.”—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1738.

† Butler's “Memoirs of English Catholics,” Vol. II., p. 72.

Disqualified by his religion from taking part in public life, the Duke turned his attention to improving and enlarging his residences both in London and the country. Norfolk House and Worksop Manor in Nottinghamshire—which he twice built, the first edifice being almost immediately destroyed by fire—are the chief monuments of his taste and munificence. The former, which is said to have occupied altogether twenty years in building and decorating, was carried out according to the designs of Mr. Brittingham, an architect of some repute in his day, and was first inhabited about 1742.

Externally, there is little in Norfolk House, as it now stands in St. James's Square, to deserve or attract attention—a straight unbroken front, three or four rows of windows, and a portico and balcony added by the present Duke's grandfather in 1824. But this simplicity is no index to what is within. The front door admits one immediately into a spacious hall, well-proportioned, sombre, and dignified, paved with alternate squares of black and white marble, and surrounded by a frieze—evidently copied from that shown in the accompanying old engraving—round which walk in endless procession the Howard lion, the Fitzalan horse, and the Talbot "Talbot" or hound. On the left, through heavy double doors—and it is a peculiarity of this house that almost all the portals have double doors—is the Duke's sitting-room, a large apartment, looking like the abode of a student, which contains several good copies of the old masters, and a few curious and interesting original family portraits. Beyond this, through a large ante-room, is the library, containing a small collection of rare books and MSS. chiefly bearing on the history of the Catholic community in this country since the Reformation. The Duke's study, bed, and dressing-rooms adjoin, the first containing life-size portraits of Henry, sixth Duke, and his Duchess Mary, daughter of Lord Peterborough, from whom he was separated; both are by Peter Lely, and in his best style. A fine full-length portrait of Elizabeth

Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., occupies a conspicuous position on one side of the room. There is also a portrait of Cardinal Manning, done in 1875 by G. Molinari.

To the right of the hall is the morning-room, which, being lined with well-filled book-cases presents the general appearance of a second library. It also contains some pictures of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century, more family portraits—including a fine group of Duke Edward and his wife, and one believed to represent the same Duke as a young man—and the curious and interesting original picture by Vandyke, a reproduction of the engraving of which, by George Vertue, accompanies this paper. It represents the celebrated Earl of Arundel,* the collector of antiquities (after whom the Arundel Marbles at Oxford are named), sitting with his Countess, Alatheia Talbot, under a sort of throne, while their children bring the sword and helmet of King James IV. of Scotland,† taken at the battle of Flodden by their ancestor the second Duke (whose portrait hangs in the background), and a curious painted shield (now at Arundel) won by the poet Earl of Surrey (whose portrait is also introduced behind the group) at a tournament at Florence, in the time of Henry VIII. An inscription at the top of the plate informs us that it was engraved for Edward Duke of Norfolk, the builder of Norfolk House.

In the large dining-room beyond is a fine Lawrence of Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke, represented in his peer's robes. There are also four large views of Arundel Castle and its neighbourhood, of some merit, and a few foreign landscapes. The great staircase in the centre of the building is lit from the top by a square lantern, with richly gilt and painted roof; the walls are divided into twelve panels, every alternate one containing warlike trophies

* Thomas Howard, only son of the Venerable Philip, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London, where several memorials of him still exist. Thomas first brought Vandyke to England.

† This sword and the accompanying dagger are preserved at the College of Arms, and were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition early in the present year.



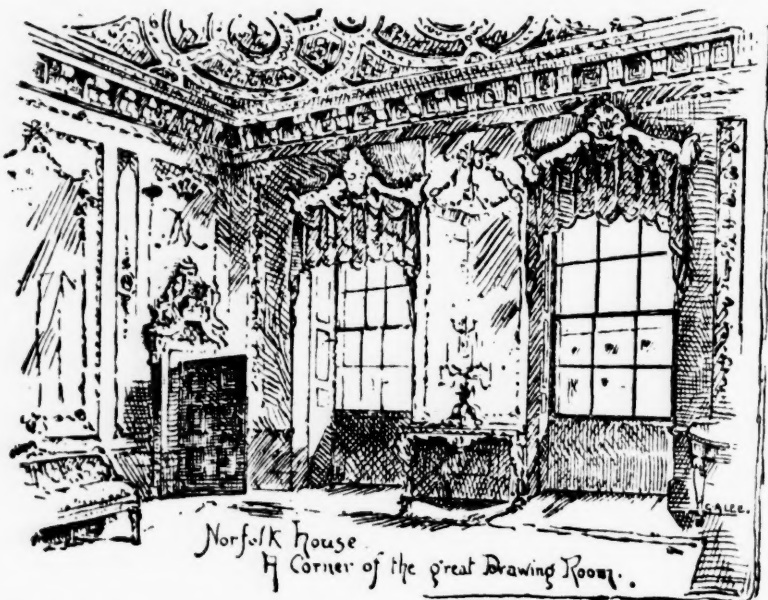
GROUP OF THE HOWARD FAMILY BY VANDYKE.

(Reproduced from a rare Engraving by Vertue.)

in the classical style, each other one a pedimented doorway, half of which frame doors giving access to the suite of drawing and reception-rooms on the first floor, the others being filled with mirrors. At the angles of this staircase are life-size *amorini* in bronze, supporting huge candelabra, the only specimens of sculpture in the house. On this floor are the State bedrooms, sumptuously furnished, and a magnificent series of drawing-rooms, four in number, all communicating one with another. The first of these rooms is commonly called the music-room, from the preponderance of musical instruments introduced into the decorations of the walls and ceiling, into which the cypher of Prince Charles Edward is also ingeniously worked. It is now fitted and used as a chapel. The next room, in the centre of the house over the entrance hall, is very richly decorated, the prevailing colours being grey and gold. The ceiling, with the exception of that in the great drawing-room, the finest in the house, is supported on a handsome frieze, and consists of diagonal bands of richly decorated work, the diamond-shaped recesses between being deeply sunk and elaborately embossed. Over the principal door is a good copy of a Vandyke of Henrietta Maria, of great delicacy and beauty. Three replicas of large works by Murillo, "Isaac blessing Jacob," "Abraham and the Angels," and "Agar and Ishmael," hang on three sides of the room among some landscapes and figure subjects of the Dutch schools. Here are also a few superb specimens of inlaid furniture ; one, a bureau of Dutch work of about the middle of the seventeenth century, is one mass of beautifully harmonious woods inlaid on ebony, in the form of plants, scrolls, and other conventional ornaments.

In the small drawing-room which corresponds to the morning-room on the ground floor, the decoration of the walls and ceiling is very rich and elegant. It contains two large and magnificent Guercinos : "Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites" and "The cup found in Joseph's sack ;" a small Holbein of Lord Maltravers ; a little Peter Sneeffe, signed and dated 1659, representing the

interior of a Gothic church, with a number of stiff classical altars; and a quantity of other pictures, chiefly French and Italian landscapes, good specimens of their style, but calling for no special mention. In one corner of the room there is a case of beautiful miniatures of members of the Stuart family, including one rare "Memento mori," of Charles II., mounted in enamelled silver. A cabinet beside the fireplace contains a curious Oriental china tea service, richly emblazoned with the ducal arms. I have not been able to ascertain its history. Adjoining this apartment is the great drawing-room, once used



as the banqueting hall. It is the largest room in the house, with a magnificent geometrical ceiling, very delicately coloured and gilt, supported by a rich and deeply-recessed cornice.* The spaces between the doors and windows are filled with mirrors of an unusually large size considering the time they were placed there, about 1824, though much larger ones are made now. The prevailing colours are white and gold, and all the decorations and carvings are done entirely by hand. Over each

* Horace Walpole, in his celebrated "Letters," refers to the "tapestry, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments and ceilings" here, which he pronounces "delightful."

door is a monogram surmounted by the ducal coronet. There are no pictures in the room; but the furniture, carved and decorated in the French style of the period, and sumptuously upholstered in red and gold brocade, is well designed, and in execution leaves little to be desired.

The bedrooms on the second and third floors and the offices beneath are very spacious and airy, and the whole house serves well to show to what extent of taste and luxury the English nobility of 150 years ago had attained. Duke Edward, its builder, died on September 20th, 1777,* at the advanced age of ninety-two, without issue, and having survived all the heirs of his own—the elder—branch of the family. He had lived while six monarchs sat on the English throne. The last years of his life were passed in acts of charity and kindness, and long after his death he was remembered, both at Arundel and London, with genuine affection and respect.

Such in short is the story of Norfolk House: a story that carries us back to the times when London was an eighth part of its present size; when the heart of the City to-day was a pleasant suburb; when gilt and painted coaches rumbled along St. James's Street, and when vast crowds assembled on Tower Hill to see the Scotch lords pay the last penalty of their devotion to the cause of an exiled race. Now—Arundel Castle is fitted with electric bells and telephones, and the Heralds' College is lit by incandescent lamps.

G. AMBROSE LEE.

* His wife Mary died at Putney, May 27th, 1773.

The House that Jack Built.

PART I.

IT stood in one of the wildest spots in New England, surrounded by woods, a "frame house" in a region of log-houses, and, as such, in spite of defects, a touch beyond the most complete edifice that could be shaped of logs.

The defects were not few. The walls were slightly out of the perpendicular, there were strips of board instead of clapboards and shingles, the immense stone chimney in the centre gave the house the appearance of being an afterthought, and the two windows that looked down toward the road squinted.

Yes, a most absurd little house, with all sorts of blunders in the making of it, but, for all that, a house with a worth of its own. For Jack Maynard had put the frame together with his own unassisted hands, had raised it with but two men to help him, and had finished it off alone. And round about the work, and through and over it, while his hands built visibly, his fancy also built airy habitations, fair and plumb, and changed all the landscape. Before this fairy wand, the forest sank, broad roads unwound, there was a sprinkle of white houses through the green country, like a sprinkle of snow in June; and in place of this rustic nest rose a fair mansion-house, with a comely matron standing in the door, and rosy children playing about.

At this climax of his castle-building Jack Maynard caught breath, and, coming back to the present, found himself halfway up a ladder, with a hammer suspended in his hand, the wild forest swarming with game all about him, and the matron of his vision still Miss Bessie Ware, spinster.

Jack laughed. "So much the better!" he exclaimed, and brought his hammer down with such force, laughing as he struck, that the nail under it bent up double and broke in two, the head half falling to the ground, the point half flattened lengthwise into the board, making a fragment of rustic buhl-work.

"There's a nail driven into the future," said the builder, and selected another, and struck with better aim this time, so that the little spike went straight through the board, and pierced an oaken timber, and held the two firmly together, and thus did its work in the present.

"Well done!" said Jack; "you have gone through fifty summers in less than a minute."

The startled woods rang to every blow, the fox and the deer fled at that tocsin of civilisation, and the snake slid away, and set the green grass crawling with its hidden windings. Only one living creature, besides the builder, seemed happy and unafraid, and that was a brown-and-white spaniel that dozed in the shadow of the rising walls, stirring only when his master whistled or spoke to him.

"Wake up, Bruno, and tell me how this suits your eyes," Jack would call out. Whereat Bruno would lift his lids lazily, show a narrow line of his bright brown eyes, give his tail a slow, laborious wag, and subside to his dreams again, and Jack would go on with his work. It seemed to be his heart, rather than the hammer, that drove the nails in; and every timber, board, latch, and hinge caught a momentary life from his hands, and learned his story from some telegraphing pulse. The very stones of the chimney knew that John Maynard and Bessie Ware were to be married as soon as the house should be ready for them.

There was not a dwelling in sight; but half a mile further down the road toward the nearest town there was an odd, double log-house, wherein lived Dennis Moran and Norah, three little girls, and Bessie Ware, Dennis Moran's sister's child.

Jack paused in his work, took off his straw hat to wipe away

the perspiration from his face and toss his hair back, first hanging on a round of the ladder just above him the hammer that had driven a nail through fifty summers. As he put his hat on again he glanced downward, and there, at the foot of the ladder, stood twenty summers, looking up at him out of a face as fair as summers ever formed. The apple-blossoms had given it their pink and white, the June heavens were not bluer than those eyes, so oddly full of laughter and languor. The deepest nook under a low-growing spruce, nor shadow in vine-draped cave, nor hollow in a thunder-cloud, ever held richer darkness than that hidden in the loose curls and waves of hair that fell about Bessie Ware's shoulders. No part of the charm of her presence was due to her dress, save an air of fresh neatness. A large apron, gathered up by the corners, was full of fragrant arbor-vitæ boughs, gathered to make a broom of. The large parasol tilted back that she might look upward, allowed a sun-beam to fall on her forehead.

"Oh! what a tall pink has grown up since I came here," exclaimed the builder, as he saw her.

"And what a great bear has climbed on to my ladder," retorted the girl.

He came down from the ladder and began to tell her his plans.

"Bessie, I mean this shall be yet one of the best farms in the State. On that hill I will have corn and clover; there shall be an orchard in the hollow next to it, with peach-trees on the south side of the little rise; and I will plant cranberries in the swamp beyond. In ten years from now, if a man should leave here to-day, he wouldn't know the place."

Bessie smiled at the magician who was to work such wonders—never doubting but he would—then glanced about at the scene of his exploits. Sombre, blue-green pines brooded over the hill that was one day to be pink with clover, or rustling with corn; oaks, elms, maples, birches, and a great tangle of under-

growth, with rocks and moss, cumbered the ground where peaches were to ripen their dusky cheeks when Jack should bid them grow, and large, green, and red-streaked and yellow apples were to drop through the still, bright, autumn air; and she knew that the future cranberry-swamp now stood thick and dark with beautiful arbor-vitæ trees, whose high-piled, flaky boughs, tapering to a point far up in the sunshine, kept cool and dim the little pools of water below, and the black mould in which their strong roots stretched out and interwove. But Jack could do anything when he set out, and her faith in him was so great that she could shut her eyes now and see the open swamp matted over with cranberry-plants, and hear the maize-stalks clash their green swords in the fretting breeze, and the muffled bump of the ripe apple as it fell on the grass.

After a while Bessie started to go, but came back again.

"I forgot," she said, and gave her lover a book that had been hidden under the boughs in her apron. "A book-pedlar stopped at our house last night, and he left this. Uncle Dennis doesn't want it, and I do not. Perhaps you can make some sense out of it."

It was a second-hand copy of Comstock's "Natural Philosophy," for schools, and was scribbled through and through by the student who had used it years before.

Jack took the book.

"And that reminds me of your white-faced boarder," he said, with a slight laugh. "Is he up yet?"

"Oh! he gets up earlier than any of us," she answered lightly. "He doesn't act cityfied at all. And you know, Jack, the reason why he is white is because he has been ill. Good-bye! Aunt Norah will want her broom before she gets it."

Bessie struck into the woods instead of going down to the road, and was soon lost to view. Standing beside her little house, she had looked a tall, fairly-formed lassie; but with the great trunks of primeval forest-trees standing about her, and

lifting their green pyramids and cones far into the air, she appeared slim and small enough for a fairy. Even the birds, chipping about full of business, seemed to flout her, as if she were of small consequence—not worth flying from.

She laughed at them, and whispered what she did not dare to say aloud: "Other people besides you can build nests!" then looked quickly around to see if any listener were in sight.

There was a slight, rustling sound, and an eavesdropping squirrel scampered up a tree and peered down with twinkling eyes from a safe height. She was just throwing one of the green twigs in her apron at him, when she heard her name spoken, and turned quickly to meet a pleasant-faced young man, who approached from an opposite direction. This was the white-faced boarder who had left the city to find health in this wild place.

The two walked on together. Bessie as shy as any creature of the woods, and her companion both pleased and amused at her shyness, and trying to draw her out. To his questioning, she told her little story. Her mother was Dennis Moran's youngest sister; her father had been a colour-sergeant in the English army. There had been other children, all younger than she, but all had died, some in one country, some in another; for Sergeant Ware's family had followed the army, and seen many lands.

"I am an East Indian," Bessie said naïvely. "I was born at Calcutta. The others were born in Malta, in England, and in Ireland. It didn't agree with them travelling about from hot to cold. My father died at Gibraltar, and my mother died while she was bringing me to Uncle Dennis Moran's. May God be merciful to them all!"

Mr. James Keene had heard this pious ejaculation many a time before from the lips of humble Catholics, and had found nothing in it to admire. But now the thought struck him that this constant prayer for mercy on the dead, whenever their

names were mentioned, was a beautiful superstition. Of course he thought it a superstition, for he was a New England Protestant of the most liberal sort—that is, he protested against being obliged to believe anything.

They reached the house, near which Dennis Moran and his wife stood watching complacently a brood of new chickens taking their first airing. The young gentleman joined them, and listened with interest to the farm talk of his host.

What had set Dennis Moran, one of the most rigid of Catholics, in a solitude where he saw none of his own country nor faith, and where no priest ever came, he professed himself unable to explain.

"I'm like a fly caught in a spider's web, Sir," he said. "When Norah and I came over, and I didn't just know what to do, except that I wanted to have a farm of my own some day, I hired out to do haying for John Smith's wife—John had died the very week he began to cut his grass, and Norah she helped Mrs. Smith to make butter. Then they wanted me to get in the crops, and after that I had a chance to go into the woods logging. When I came out of the woods, Mrs. Smith wanted me to plough and plant for her. And one thing led to another, and there was always something to keep me. Norah had a young one, and Bessie came—a young witch ten years old," said Dennis, pulling his niece's hair, as she stood beside him. "So I had to take a house. And the long and short of the matter is, that I've been here going on ten years, when I didn't mean to stay ten weeks. But I shall pull up stakes pretty soon, Sir," said Dennis, straightening up. "I don't mean to stay where I have to go twenty miles to attend to my Easter duties, and where my children are growing up little better than Protestants (he called it Prodestant). I'm pretty sure to move next fall, Sir."

At this announcement, Mrs. Norah tossed up her head and uttered an unspellable, guttural "Oh!" brought from the old land, and preserved unadulterated among the nasal-speaking Yankees. "We hear ducks!"

Whatever might be the meaning and derivation of this remark, the drift of it was evidently depreciatory, and it had the effect of putting an end to her husband's eloquence. Doubtless Mrs. Moran had heard such announcements made before.

Bessie stole a little hand under her uncle's arm, and smiled into his face, and told him that she had given Jack the book, and soon made him forget his mortification. She knew that he was sometimes boastful, and that the great things he was constantly prophesying of himself never came to pass; but she knew also that he had a kind heart, and it hurt her to see him hurt.

That same book, which the girl mentioned merely to divert attention, was to be a matter of more consequence to her than she dreamed. It was more important than the wedding-dress and the wedding-cake, which occupied so much of her thoughts—more important than the jealous interference of Jack's mother, who did not like Bessie's foreign blood and religion, though she did like Bessie—more important than even her Uncle Dennis's actual flitting, when fall came—all which we pass by. Only one thing in her life then was of more consequence than that old school-book, which the pedlar left because no one would buy it, and that was the earnest and sorrowing advice of good old Father Conners when, against his will, he united her to a Protestant.

John Maynard said later, that before he read that book he was like a beet before it is pulled out of the ground, when it doesn't know that it is not a turnip, and firmly believes that it is growing upward instead of downward, and that those waving leaves of its own, which it feels but sees not, exist in some outer void where nothing is, and that angle-worms are the largest of locomotive creatures.

It is doubtful if the artistic faculty is any more a special gift in the fine than in the useful arts; or if he who creates ideal

forms, in order to breathe into them the breath of such life as is in him, is more enthusiastic in his work, or more fascinated by it, than he who, taking captive the powers of Nature, binds them to do his will.

This enthusiastic recognition of the work to which Nature had appointed him, John Maynard felt from the moment when he first knew that a crowbar is a lever. He read that book that Bessie gave him with interest, then with avidity, and, having read, all the power latent in that wide brow of his waked up, and demanded knowledge. He got other and more complete works on mechanics and studied them in his leisure hours, he made experiments, he examined every piece of mechanism that came in his way.

Coming home one Sunday from a meeting which she had walked six miles to attend, Mrs. Maynard, Senr., was horrified to find that her son had paid her a visit during her absence, for the sole purpose of picking in pieces her precious Connecticut clock. There lay its speechless fragments spread out on the table, while the yawning frame leaned against the wall. Bessie sat near, looking rather frightened, and Jack, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before the table, an open book at his elbow. He was studying the page intently, his earnest, sunburnt face showing an utter unconsciousness of guilt.

"Land sakes, Jack!" screamed his mother. "You've been and ruined my clock!"

A clock was of value in that region, where half the inhabitants told the hour by sun-marks, by the stars, or by instinct.

He put his hand out to keep her back, but did not look up. "Don't worry, Mother," he said, "and don't touch anything. I'll put the machine together in a few minutes."

Mrs. Maynard sank into a chair, and gazed distressfully at the ruins. That the pendulum, now lying prone and dismembered, would ever tick again; that those two little hands would

ever again tell the time of day; that the weights would run down, and have to be wound up every Saturday night; or that she should ever again on any June day hear the faithful little gong strike four o'clock in the morning—her signal for jumping out of bed with the unvarying ejaculation: "Land sakes! it's four o'clock"—seemed to her impossible.

"And to think that you should do such work on the Sabbath-day!" she groaned out, casting an accusing glance on her daughter-in-law. "You seem to have lost all the religion you ever had since you got married."

Bessie's blue eyes lighted up. "I think it just as pious for Jack to study, and find out how useful things are made, as to wear out a pair of shoes going to hear Parson Bates talk through his nose, or sit at home and spoil his eyes reading over and over about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

"Come, come!" interposed Jack; "if you two women quarrel, and bother me, I shall spoil the clock."

This procured silence.

Had he been a little more thoughtful and tender, he would have told his mother that Bessie had tried to dissuade him from touching the clock, and had urged the impropriety of his doing such work on Sunday; but he did not think. She shielded him, and he allowed her to do so, scarcely aware of it, indeed.

The young man's prediction was fulfilled. Before sunset the clock was ticking soberly on the mantelpiece, the minute-hand hitching round its circle, and showing the reluctant hour-hand the way, and Jack was marching homeward through the woods, with his rifle on one arm and his wife on the other.

They were both so silent—that dark-browed man and bright-faced woman—that they might almost be taken as kindred of the long shadows and sunstreaks over which they walked. He was building up a visionary entanglement of pulleys in the air, through which power should run with ever-increasing force, and studying how he should dispense with an idle-wheel that be-

longed to that maze ; and she was thinking of him. He was thinking that this forest, that once had bounded his hopes and aspirations, now pressed on his very breathing, and hemmed his steps in, and wishing that he had wings, like that bird flitting before him ; and she was watching his eyes till she, too, saw the bird.

Jack stopped, raised his rifle, took a hasty aim, and fired. Bessie ran to pick up the robin :

"How could you, Jack !" she exclaimed, reproachfully, as she felt the fluttering heart stop in her hand.

He looked at it without the slightest compunction. "I wanted to see, as it stood on that twig, which way the centre of gravity would fall," he said. "Don't fret, Bessie ! There are birds enough in the world."

The young wife looked earnestly into her husband's face, as they walked on together. "Jack," she said, "you might kill me, and then say that there are women enough in the world."

He laughed, but looked at her kindly, as he made answer : "What would all the women in the world be to me, Bessie, if my woman were out of it ?"

Could she ask more ?

"Jack, where do you suppose the song has gone to ?" she asked, presently.

"Bessie, where does a candle go when it goes out ?" was the counter-question.

There had been a season in this man's life, during the brief bud and blossom of his love for Bessie Ware, when his mind had been as full of fancies as a spring maple of blossoms. But he was not by nature fanciful, and, that brief season past, he settled down to facts. Questions which could not be answered he cared not to ask nor ponder on, and all speculations, save those which built toward an assured though unseen result, he scouted. The sole impression the bird had made on him was that it was a nice little flying machine, which he would like to improve on some day. Meantime, he had much to learn.

The extent of his ignorance did not discourage John Maynard, perhaps because it opened out gradually before him over a new, unknown path starting from the known one. He was strong, fresh, and healthy, and the very novelty of his work, and his coming to it so late, was an assistance to him. "I have a head for all I want to get into it," he said to his wife. "When my brain gets hold of an idea it doesn't let go."

It seemed so, indeed; and sometimes when he sat studying, or thinking, utterly unconscious of all about him, his eyes fixed, yet glimmering, his mouth close shut, his breathing half lost, his whole frame, while the brain worked, so still that his hands and feet grew cold, Bessie became almost afraid of him, and was ready to fancy that some strange and perhaps malign spirit had entered into and taken possession of her husband's soul.

And thus it happened that, after two years, the house that Jack built was abandoned to one of his relatives, and the young couple, with their baby boy, left the forest for the city.

Of course, no one is to suppose that John Maynard failed.

It was summer again, and lavish rains had kept to July the fresh luxuriance of June. The frame house stood nearly as it was when its builder finished it. The walls had changed their bright yellow tint for grey, and a few stones had fallen from the top of the chimney—that was all. The forest still gathered close about, and only a few patches of cultivated land had displaced the stumps and stones. A hop-plant draped the porch at the back of the house, and a group of tall sunflowers grew near one of the open curtainless windows.

Civilisation had passed by on the other side, and, though not really so remote, was still invisible. Twice a day, with a low rumble, as of distant thunder, a train passed by through the valley beyond the woods.

There was no sound of childish voices, no glimpse of a child anywhere about. The air bore no more intelligent burden than the low colloquial dropping of a brook over its pebbly bed, the

buzzing of bees about a hive, and a rustling of leaves in the faint stir of air. The only sign of human life to be seen without was a frail thread of blue smoke that rose from the chimney and disappeared in the sky.

Inside, on the white floor of the kitchen, the shadows of the sunflowers lay as if painted there, only now and then stirring slightly, as the air breathed on the wide, golden-rayed shields outside. In the chimney-corner, almost as silent as a shadow, an old woman sat in a rocking-chair, knitting and thinking. The two small windows, with crossing light, made one corner of the room bright; but where this woman sat her face could be seen plainly only by firelight.

It was a rudely-featured face—one seldom sees finely moulded features in the backwoods—but it showed fortitude, good sense, and that unconscious integrity which is so far nobler than the conscious. The grey hair was drawn tightly back, and fastened high on the head with a yellow horn comb; the tall, spare figure was clad in a gown of dark-blue calico covered with little white dots, and a checked blue-and-white apron tied on with white tape strings, and the hands that held the knitting were bony, large-jointed, and large-veined.

The stick of wood that had been smouldering on the andirons bent in the middle, where a little flickering flame had been gnawing industriously for some time. The flame brightened and made a dive into this break, where it found a splinter. The stick bent yet more, then suddenly snapping in two, one end dropping into the coals, the other end standing upright in the corner.

"Bless me!" muttered the old woman, dropping her work with a start. "There's a stranger! I wonder who it is."

She sat gazing dreamily at the brand a moment, and, as her face half settled again, it became evident that the expression was one of profound melancholy as well as thoughtfulness. The lifted eyelids, and the start that roused without brightening showed that.

After a moment's reverie, she drew a long sigh, and, before resuming her work, took the long iron tongs that leaned in the corner, and most inhospitably tossed the figurative stranger into the coals.

"I wonder why my thoughts run so on Jack and Bessie to-day," she soliloquised, fixing the end of the knitting-needle into the leather sheath at her side. "I wish I knew how they are. It's my opinion they'd have done as well to stay here. I don't think much of that machinery business."

The coming event which had thus cast its shadow before was already at the gate, or, more literally, at the bars. Bessie Maynard had walked alone up the road she had not trodden for years, and now stood leaning there, and looking about with eyes that were at once eager and shrinking. Her face was pale, her mouth tightly closed; she had grown taller, and her appearance disclosed in some indefinable way a capacity for sternness which would scarcely have been suspected, or even credited, in the girl of twenty we left her. A glance would show that she had suffered deeply.

Presently, as she gazed, tears began to dim her eyes. She brushed them away, let down the slim cedar pole that barred her passage, stepped through, replaced the bar, and walked up the path to the house.

The knitter in the chimney-corner heard the sound of advancing steps, and sat still, with her face turned over her shoulder, to watch the door. The steps reached the threshold and paused there, and for a moment the two women gazed at each other—the one silent from astonishment, the other struggling to repress some emotion that rose again to the surface.

The visitor was the first to recover her self-possession. She came in smiling, and held out her hands.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for me, Aunt Nancy?" she asked.

Her voice broke the spell, and the old woman started up with a true country welcome, hearty, and rather rough. It was many a year since Bessie Maynard's hands had felt such a grasp, or her arms such a shake.

"But where is Jack?" asked his aunt, looking toward the door over Bessie's shoulder.

"Oh! he's at home," was the reply, rather negligently given. "But how are you, Auntie? Have you room for me to stay awhile? I took a fancy to be quiet a little while this summer. The city is so hot and noisy."

The old lady repeated her welcomes, mingled with many apologies for the kind of accommodation she had to offer, all the while helping to remove her visitor's bonnet and shawl, drawing up the rocking-chair for her, and pressing her into it.

"Do sit down and rest," she said. "But where is the baby? Why on earth didn't you bring her?"

Bessie clasped her hands tightly in her lap, and looked steadily at the questioner before answering. "The baby is at home!" she said then, in a low voice.

Aunt Nancy was just turning away for some hospitable purpose, but the look and tone arrested her.

"You don't mean——" she began, but went no further.

"Yes," replied Bessie, quietly; "there is only James left."

James was the eldest child.

Mrs. Nancy Maynard was not much given to expressions of tenderness—New England people of the old sort seldom were—but she laid her hand softly on her niece's shoulder, and said unsteadily:

"You poor dear, how tried you have been!"

"We have all our trials," responded the other, with a sort of coldness.

The old woman knew not what to say. She turned away, mending the fire. If Bessie had wept she would have known how to comfort her; but this strange calmness was embarrass-

ing. Scarcely less embarrassing was the light, indifferent talk that followed, the questions concerning crops, and weather, and little household affairs, evidently put to set aside more serious topics.

This baby was the fourth child that Bessie Maynard had lost. After the first, no child of hers had lived to reach its third year. Each one had been carried away by a sudden distemper. The first death had been announced to John Maynard's aunt in a long letter from Bessie, full of a healthy sorrow, every line stained with tears. John had written the next time, his wife being too much worn out with watching and grief to write. At the third death there came a line from Bessie: "My little boy is gone, Aunt Nancy. What do you suppose God means?"

Aunt Nancy had wondered somewhat over this strange missive, but had decided that, whatever God meant, Bessie meant resignation.

But now, as she marked her niece's changed face and manner, and recollected that laconic note, she was forced to give up the comforting thought. There might be endurance, but there was no resignation in that face.

The sense of distance and strangeness grew on her, though Bessie began to help her get supper ready, drawing out and laying the table as though she had done it every day of her life, and even remembering the cup that had been hers, and the little iron rack on which she used to set the teapot. "Jack found the brass-headed nail this hangs on miles back in the woods," she said. "It's a wonder how it got there."

"Why didn't Jack come with you?" asked Aunt Nancy, catching at the opportunity to say something personal.

A deep blush ran up Bessie's face at being so caught, but her hesitation was only momentary.

"He is too busy," she answered, briefly.

"But I should think he might take a rest now and then," persisted her aunt.

Bessie gave a short laugh that was not without bitterness.

"What rest can a man take when he has a steam-engine spouting carbonic acid in one side of his brain, a flying-machine in the other side, and a wheel in perpetual motion between them? John is given over to metals and motions. I might as well have a locomotive for a husband. Shall I take up the apple-sauce in this bowl?"

"Yes. I should think that James might have come." Aunt Nancy held desperately to the thread she had caught.

"James is a little John," replied Bessie, pouring the hot, green apple-sauce into a straight, white bowl with a band of narrow blue stripes around the middle of it. "Never mind my coming alone, Aunt Nancy. I got along very well, and they will do very well without me."

They sat down to the table, and Bessie made a great pretence of eating, but ate nothing. Then they went out and looked at the garden, talking all the while about nothing, and soon, to the relief of both, it was bedtime.

M. A. TINCKER.

(To be continued.)

Song of the Hours.

[SCENE : *Before the palace of the Sun, into which a god has just passed as the guest of Hyperion.* TIME : *Dawn.* *The Hours of Night and Day advance on each other as the gates close.*]

MORNING HOURS.

IN curbed expanses our wheeling dances
Meet from the left and right ;
Under this vaporous awning
Tarrying awhile in our flight,
Waiting the day's advances,
We, the children of light,
Clasp you on verge of the dawning,
Sisters of Even and Night !

CHORUS.

We who lash from the way of the sun
With the whip of the winds the thronging clouds,
Who puff out the lights of the stars, or run
To scare dreams back to their shrouds,
Or tiar the temples of Heaven
With a crystalline gleam of showers ;

EVENING HOURS.

While to flit with the soft moth, Even,
Round the lamp of the day is ours ;

NIGHT HOURS.

And ours with her crescent argentine,
To make Night's forehead fair,
To wheel up her throne of the earth, and twine
The daffodils in her hair ;

ALL.

We, moulted as plumes are,
From the wings whereon Time is borne

MORNING HOURS.

We, buds who in blossoming foretell
The date when our leaves shall be torn ;

NIGHT HOURS.

We, knowing our dooms are to plunge with the gloom's car
Down the steep ruin of morn ;

ALL.

We hail thee, Immortal !
We robes of Life, mouldering while worn.

NIGHT HOURS.

Sea-birds, winging o'er sea calm-strewn
To the lure of the beacon-stars, are we,
O'er the foamy wake of the white-sailed moon,
Which to men is the Galaxy.

MORNING HOURS.

Our eyes, through our pinions folden,
By the filtered flame are teased
As we bow when the sun makes golden
Earthquake in the East.

EVENING HOURS.

And *we* shake on the sky a dusted fire
From the ripened sunset's anther,
While the flecked main, drowsing in gorged desire,
Purrs like an outstretched panther.

MORNING HOURS.

O'er the dead moon-maid
We draw softly the day's white pall ;
And our children the Moments we see as
In drops of the dew they fall,
Or on light plumes laid they shoot the cascade
Of colours some Heaven's bow call ;

ALL.

And we sing, Guest, to thee, as
Thou paces the crystal-paved hall !

Lord of the vintage of lips,
We soothe with a rapture's trinket,
And chasten with thwarting whips :
For a sigh deep as Dis's we sell the Ulysses,
Then some beckoning Hour by him trips,
And away when none think it
With your heart in his hand he slips.

We, while the sun with his hid chain swings
The incense out of the blossomy earth,
Who dare the lark with our passionate wings,
And its mirth with our masterless mirth ;
Or—when that flying laughter
Has sunk and died away
Which beat against Heaven's rafter—
Who vex the clear eyes of day,
Who weave for the sky in the loom of the cloud
A mantle of waving rain,
We, whose hair is jewelled with joys, or bowed
Under veilings of misty pain ;
We hymn thee at leaving
Who strew thy feet's coming, O Guest !
We, the linked cincture which girdles
Mortality's feverous breast,
Who heave in its heaving, who grieve in its grieving,
Are restless in its unrest ;
Our beings unstirred else
Were it not for the bosom they pressed.

When day goes forth as a victor of Ind does
We chain to his chariot his dusky thrall,
And our dyed robes gleam through the western windows
As we light up his feasting-hall.
When that drunken Titan the Thunder
Stumbles through staggered Heaven,

And spills on the scorched earth under
The fiery wine of the levin,
With our mystic measure of rhythmic motion
We charm him in snorting sleep,
While round him the sun enchants from ocean
The walls of a cloudy keep.
Beneath the deep umbers
Of night as we watch and hark,
The dim-wingèd dreams which feed on
The blossoms of day we mark
As in murmurous numbers they swarm to the slumbers
That cell the hive of the dark ;
And life shakes, a reed on
Our tide, in the death-wind stark.

Time, Eternity's fountain, whose waters
Fall back thither from whence they rose,
Deweth with us, its showery daughters,
The Life that is green in its flows ;
And some a dragoned Trouble
May spit from its writhen jaw,
And some our babble and bubble
From the urn of a Joy may draw ;
But whether in grief or mirth we shower,
We make not the thing we breed,
For what may come of the passing Hour
Is what was hid in the seed.
And now as wakes,
Like love in its first blind guesses,
Or a snake just stirring its coils,
Sweet tune into half-caresses,
Before the sun shakes the clinging flakes
Of gloom from his spouting tresses,
Let winds have toils
To catch at our fluttering dresses !

Rich-haired Music's golden harmonies
Wave in cadence to her feet,
Floating out of her dulcet charm an ease
Smooths our gliding feet.
The silver clash of our pinions,
As they flash to their felt expanse,
Tells the sky that the minions
Of Change are speeding the dance.
Thaw, O thaw the enchanted throbbings
Curdled at Music's heart !
Tread she her grapes till from their englobings
The melodies spurt and smart !

We fleet as a rain,
Nor yearn for the being men own,
With whom is naught beginneth
Or endeth without some moan ;
Their life they gain in others' pain
And lose it in their own ;
We soar to our zenith
And are panglessly overblown.

Yet, if the roots of the truth were bare,
Our transience is only a mortal seeming ;
Fond men, we are fixed as a still despair,
And we fleet but in your dreaming.
We are columns in Time's hall, mortals,
Wherethrough Life hurrieth ;
You pass in at birth's wide portals,
And out at the postern of death.
As you chase down the vista your dream or your love
The swift pillars race you by,
And you think it is we who move, who move,—
It is you who die, who die !
O firmament, even
You pass, by whose fixture man voweth ;

God breathes you forth as a bubble
And shall suck you back into His mouth !
Through earth, sea, and Heaven a doom shall be driven,
And, sown in the furrows it plougheth,
As fire bursts from stubble
Shall spring the new wonders none troweth.

The bowed East lifteth the dripping sun,
A golden cup, to the lips of Night,
Over whose cheek in flushes run
The heats of the liquid light.

MORNING HOURS.

To our very pinion's ridge
We tremble expectantly ;—
Is it ready, the burnished bridge
We must cast for our King o'er the sea ?
And who will kneel with sunbeam-slips
To dry the flowers' sweet eyes ?
Who touch with fire her finger-tips
For the lamp of the grape, as she flies ?

ALL.

List, list to the prances, his chariot advances,
It comes in a dust of light !
From under our brightening awning
We wheel in a diverse flight :
Yet the hands we unclasp, as our dances
Sweep off to the left and the right,
Are but loosed on the verge of the dawning
To join on the verge of the night.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*Two Unpublished Poems by Pope :
with the Story of them.*

POPE tells us that "the cordial drop of life is love alone." He speaks like a poet. Had he been an antiquarian bookworm, and had felt the secret and silent triumph afforded by the discovery of a literary treasure, he would not have so limited his pleasure. Those who are acquainted with the usual tranquillity of this study will appreciate the ecstatic emotion produced by a discovery such as it has been my good fortune to make. In the poet's own words :

That cordial drop, Heav'n in our cup has thrown
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

Attracted by an autograph in an old manuscript lying neglected in my library, I was curious to know its history. The manuscript was without date, and bore the appearance of a commonplace book of some student about the close of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. It contains poems from Pindar, Martial, Randolph, and Cleveland, besides some select observations on Roman antiquities, the last carefully indexed. The whole is copied in a neat hand, with occasional imitations of print. "Miles Stapylton," the autograph in which I was interested, is clearly not that of the transcriber, and appears on a blank page at the end of the book with some scribbling by different persons. Written in a crabbed hand on a half-blank page I found some crossed-out verses to Alethea Tempest ; and on the preceding blank page, in the same scrawl, is a short

poem entitled "A Description of Love." The handwriting seemed familiar to me and instinctively I hastened to compare it with some original letters in my possession from Pope to his half-sister Magdalen, the widow of Charles Rackett. There was no mistaking the writing; the poems were in Pope's hand! The story of how they came to be written is another page added to his literary life, in which we catch a charming glimpse of the poet's early difficulties with his muse and his patrons.

It was about 1704 that Pope, then but sixteen years of age, first attracted the attention of the wits by his Pastorals, which were handed about in manuscript, and did not appear in print till five years later. His "Winter, or Daphne," was dedicated "To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady." In the following year Pope spent part of the summer at Abberley, in Worcestershire, the seat of William Walsh, the poet, who represented his county in Parliament. Next to Sir William Trumbull he was, perhaps, Pope's earliest friend and patron; he wrote to him as follows, on September 9th, 1706: "Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady, if they were not written for some particular woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occasion to show the difference between poets' mistresses and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do or let alone, just as you think fit." Walsh had professed a great admiration for a young lady named Henrietta Tempest, who was carried away by the small-pox on the very night that the great storm swept away the first Eddystone Lighthouse, November 27th, 1703. Indeed, the family tradition is that she died on the day fixed for her wedding. So Walsh wrote his "Delia, a Pastoral Eclogue; upon the death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon the day of the late storm," which appeared in "Tonson's Fifth Miscellany" in 1704. Could anything more dreadful be imagined than to

have to sing the praises of another man's love? And yet Pope complied with Walsh's request, for it was he who directed the poet's youthful studies and generally extended to him a degree of favour and kindness never to be forgotten, and commemorated in the lines :

Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend.

But though he acquiesced, it is evident that in Pope's ears the name of Henrietta Tempest lacked the sweetness necessary to stir the poetic imagination and raise an ideal mistress in his soul. Fretting, he seems to sit down to investigate the passion, and pens the following hitherto unpublished lines :

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find,
The safe director of misguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by truth :
That cordial drop, Heav'n in our cup has thrown
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.
In which one only blessing God might raise
In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise,
For none did ere so dull and stupid prove
But felt a God, and bless'd his power to love.

Entranced with this picture of love, the poet calls his mistress. But no! he writes immediately under his conception, "Tempest sounds odd!" Again he essays :

Tempest! that word sounds harsh upon my life
And ominous——

And Henrietta! Who can find a rhyme for such a name? She can never be his ideal love. Ah! the shade of her sister flashes before him, and his worried muse pours forth the following impassioned address :

TO ALETHEA TEMPEST.

Tempest! that name sounds harsh upon my life
And ominous: who'd take her to his wife?
Alethea Tempest! Oh! That name's more sweet!

Heaven knew to temper tempest as 'twas meet
When 'Thea join'd to Tempest was agreed
By th' Omnipotent, and goodness should succeed.
Exemplified in you we find it is
The masterpiece of Heaven's best artifice!
More perfect work I'm sure He could not show ;—
Admirers sure, like me, must own it so.
If one that's more agreeable is found—
Then pound me into dust and strew the ground !

So when his Pastorals were printed in 1709, the last Pastoral which is always said to have been his favourite, appeared under the title, " Winter : The Fourth Pastoral, or Daphne. To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest." Thus he pleased his friend without offending against the preference of his own muse for Alethea.

In his note to the dedication Pope says, " Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it." Upon this Warton comments, " I do not find any lines that allude to the great storm of which the poet speaks." " Nor I," adds Croker. " On the contrary, all the allusions to the winds are of the gentler kind—' balmy zephyrs,' ' whispering breezes,' and so forth." Perhaps the inconsistency of the note may in some measure be due to the poet's recollection of the tempest which raged in his soul when first asked to make the dedication.

That Pope had any personal acquaintance with the Tempests is most improbable. Alethea and Henrietta, born respectively in 1684 and 1686, were the daughters and co-heiresses of Henry Tempest, of Newton Grange, Yorkshire, eldest son of Sir John Tempest, of Tong Hall, in the same county, baronet. Their father dying in 1685, the two girls were brought up by their mother, Alethea, daughter of Sir Henry Thompson, of Marston. This lady subsequently became the wife of Charles Allanson, Esq., and the family resided in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The Newton Grange estate was lost to the Tempests in consequence of Sir George Tempest consenting to omit the reversionary clause in a deed of settlement made in contemplation of the

intended marriage of his surviving niece, Henrietta Tempest, who is said to have died on the very day which had been fixed for her wedding. Her portrait may be seen at Tong, now in the possession of Sir Robert Tempest ; a pretty girlish face, without much expression, and very like a portrait, by Greenhill, of Catharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. The estate passed to her mother as her heir-at-law, and Mr. Allanson, with a keen eye to his wife's worldly goods, insisted upon its sale. 'Twas meet it should be so, for did not Thyrsis say :

Let nature change, let Heav'n and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!

JOSEPH GILLOW.

Reviews and Views.

IT says much for the power of the great poet whom England has just lost that he was able to leaven the mass of cultivated people by means of a comparatively little knot of readers. That he should be popular in any literal sense of the word had always been an impossibility which Browning very frankly accepted. Too obscure to be understood without unusual power of thought, and especially without unusual mobility of mind, on the part of his reader, his work is also seldom musical enough to haunt the memory; and these two defects, if defects they be, have become proverbial with regard to him, and inseparable from his name. Now, in our opinion, no author should be blamed for obscurity, nor should any pains be grudged in the effort to understand him, provided that he has done his best to be intelligible. Difficult thoughts are quite distinct from difficult words. Difficulty of thought is the very heart of poetry. Those who complain of it would restrict poetry to literal narrative for its epics, to unanalysed—and therefore ultimately to unrealised and conventional—passion for its drama, and to songs for its lyrics. Doubtless narrative, dramas of primary passion, and singable songs are all excellent things; masterpieces have been done in these ways—but in the past—in a fresher, broader, and simpler time than ours. Those masterpieces bring their own age with them, as it were, into our hearts; we ourselves assume a singleness of mind as we read them; they are neither too obvious nor too unthoughtful to interest us; but it is far otherwise with modern work which is laid upon the same lines.

OUR age is not simple—we inherit so much from other ages; and our language has lost the freshness of its early literature—reasons why the poetry of our time should be complex in thought, and should depend upon something more mental than the charm of form sufficient in the lyrics of the Elizabethans. The English language was once so beautiful, so fresh and free, that any well-composed group of English words would make a poem. But some of the vitality has been written out of the language since then; it is richer now than ever, but it has lost that youthfulness of form; and though the poems of those other times cannot themselves cease to be fresh to us, nothing can now be written of exactly their character. Beauty of manner must therefore be secondary in modern poetry to importance of thought; and no true thinking is altogether easy. Granted that modern poetry must be thoughtful or nothing, and that thought is difficult, we shall here have a sufficient apology for more than half Mr. Browning's obscurity. The rest must, as usual, be ascribed to the mere construction of his phrases; he has his own way of dropping out articles and other little words, which leads to grammatical ambiguities never, perhaps, suspected by the author himself, and greatly to be lamented; grammatical obscurity is, perhaps, the *one* obscurity of which a reader has a right to complain. The same habit of contraction adds greatly to the tenseness of the verse, and it is this tenseness which we might wish to see relaxed. Even when his thought is closest, the words might fit it a little less tightly, we think; but Mr. Browning's mannerisms are not, as mannerisms, displeasing, for they are full of himself—of one of the most original personalities of contemporary literature. He was, as Lord Tennyson is, essential, not accidental, in English poetry.

MR. BROWNING is, as a poet, distinctively a man of the world; we use the term in the sense in which it is employed by men

when they intend praise ; he is keenly interested in things as they are ; he is impartial, and has a masculine tolerance and patience which belong essentially to the dramatic genius ; he prefers to be shrewd rather than profound in the mental analysis which delights him ; there are heights in the human soul that tempt this explorer less than level ways—provided these are intricate enough. Mr. Browning is distinctively human, but not in the sense which the word generally bears ; he is not exactly gentle or sympathetic, or penetrated with the pathos of the human tragedy ; he is curious in human things, interested, experimental, and he preserves a sane cheerfulness altogether characteristic of himself. This last quality, which supports him through pages upon pages of inquiries and experiments as to the mental processes of a spirit-rapping cheat, also inspires him with poems on death, now heroically grotesque, now ecstatic :

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 The fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

In the following the " little minute's sleep " is past :

"What ! and is it you again ?" quoth I.
"I again ; whom else did you expect ?" quoth she.

Then he tells her how much relieved he is to be rid of life, and he sketches his own epitaph :

"Afflictions sore long time he bore ; do end," quoth I.
I end with "Love is all and death is nought," quoth she.

He carries this same temper of mind through his study of Bishop Blougram's sophistries, and through the resignation

(more than melancholy, to our mind) of "Any Wife to Any Husband." And surely Mr. Browning's work loses something by this equanimity, this large tolerance of his. A mind less serene, whole, scientific, and independent might oftener be touched, or hurt, or discouraged into seeking a lofty and lovely ideal which is rare in his poetry. Not that Browning cannot conceive it, but that he is too closely and intently at work with things as they are to attend to it.

BUT no one who has not followed him through his labours of analysis, can understand the pleasure of the more studious reader at hearing Mr. Browning's cool, strong, argumentative voice break in the rare note of emotion, caused by his own sudden rise to a higher moral and mental beauty than lies in the path of a man of the world. When this happens, not the feeling only, but the verse softens and relaxes; for his style, like his thought, is knotted—is as knotty, indeed, as a fugue. But when that higher, fresher thought comes, it brings with it its own inevitable music. No poet has written fuller, more important, and more significant music than Mr. Browning at these rare moments. For instance, in that fine drama, "The Return of the Druses," there is some difficulty in the character of Anael with her double love and her half-deliberate delusion, so that much of the verse allotted to her is intricate enough; but where strong single feeling rises in the heart of this exiled Druse girl, what exquisite music sweeps out indeliberately!

Dost thou snow-swathe thee kinglier, Lebanon,
Than in my dreams?

English poetry might in vain be searched for a nobler cadence. In "Pippa Passes" (to our mind the most beautiful, though not therefore necessarily the most intellectual, of all Mr. Browning's works) such music is too frequent to allow us to choose examples; it occurs in "Balaustion's Adventure," now and then, and less frequently elsewhere. Far more strongly accented musical

pieces occur now and then in his work. "Evelyn Hope" and "A Lover's Quarrel" are as melodious—except for an occasional jerk—as the warmest admirers of insistently rhythmic verse could possibly require; but these bear the same relation to the higher music of which we have just spoken, as is borne by a tune of Rossini's to one of Schumann's significant sentences of notes.

OF Mr. Browning's private life we shall soon have the history. His marriage with the finest poetess of her own or any other time is an event in which the world has a right to be interested—the more as Mrs. Browning made it a kind of confidence when she published the exquisite love-poems which she was pleased to entitle "Sonnets from the Portuguese." From Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as poetess and wife, poetry gained what no other union of characters could yield; and an even rarer combination (in the same great woman's person) gave another and an equal gain to English letters. "Poet and saint!" exclaims Abraham Cowley,

The hard and rarest union which can be!

But that of poetess and mother is more memorable. Mr. Browning and his wife evoked one another's noblest work, and they are therefore guardians of one another's immortality. Of his fidelity to her memory during long years of widowhood the world is aware. It was part of his nobility and of his manliness to be the poet he was, and to live the poems he wrote. To Mr. Browning's lesser virtues there will be a thousand witnesses, each with his own story of the abundant kindnesses of the poet who seemed never lacking time and spirits to be everything to everyone. One such instance we may be permitted to supply at this time in the form of a letter, addressed to the Editor of this Magazine, who had been ambitious to gain for a young poet, distracted by the world, the praises of the old one. It was from Asolo, before beginning the "homeward journey," that Mr. Browning wrote:

Asolo, Veneto, Italia

Oct. 7. '89

Dear Mr Maynell,

I hardly know how to apologize to
you, or explain to myself how there has
occurred such a delay in doing what
I had an impulse to do as soon as I read
the very interesting papers written by
Mr _____ and so kindly

brought under my notice by yourself.

Both the Verse and Prose are indeed
remarkable; even without the portions
& loss concerning their Author for which
I am indebted to your goodness. It is
altogether extraordinary that a young
man so naturally gifted should need
incitement to do justice to his con-
= spicuous ability by endeavouring

to emerge from so uncongenial a course
of life as that which you describe.

Surely the least-remunerating sort
of "literary life" would offer advantages
such as are incompatible with the
hardest of all struggles for existence -
such as I take Mr _____ is to be.

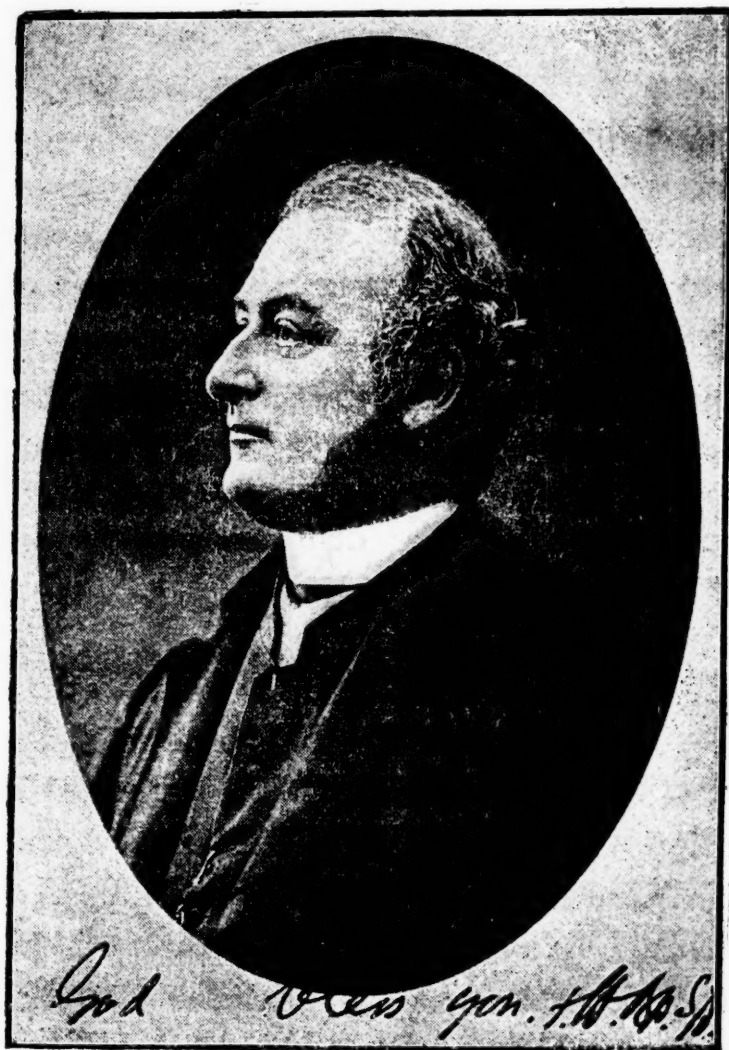
Pray assure him, if he cares to know it,
that I shall have a confident expecta-
tion of his success if he will but
extricate himself as by a strenuous
effort he may - from all that must
now embarrass him terribly: he can
have no better adviser and helper
than yourself - except himself if he
listens to the inner voice.

Pray offer my best thanks to

Mrs Maynell for her remembrance
of me - who am, as she desires, pro:
2 bit me, by the quiet and beauty of
this place - whence, however, I shall
soon depart for Venice, on my way
homeward. I gather, from the absence
of anything to the contrary in your letter,
that all is well with you; and so may
it continue. I do not forget your
old kindness. Though we are so much
apart in London: and you must
account me always, Dear Mrs Maynell
as yours cordially

Robert Browning

MR. AUSTIN OATES, Secretary of the Salford Protection and Rescue Society, who for many years has been earning a charitable fame in Manchester on its quests, has just published a vivid little pamphlet—a description of what may be supposed to be representative incidents of his toils. The pamphlet, "On Rescue Bent" (Burns and Oates), is appropriately prefaced by



THE BISHOP OF SALFORD.

Father Moyes, telling how the articles came to be written. Well knowing the need for near and first-hand knowledge, the Secretary, he writes, "wisely and bravely resolved to seek it for himself." And this is the result—a night in the common lodging-house, Saturday night in the "free-and-easies," on tramp, from Runcorn to Manchester on a barge—written by

a hand that has touched the grime, flesh to flesh, of the waifs that fall beside the lanes of the world. The pages are slight and easily read, well deserving the reading. An excellent portrait of the President of the Society, the Bishop of Salford, whose right-hand man in this matter Austin Oates is, appears as a fitting frontispiece, and is an adornment which we borrow for our pages.

THOSE who have followed Mr. Gladstone's writings, through a half-century, will be constrained to admit that nothing has appeared from his pen more human and more self-revealing than the article it is our privilege to publish here. It deals with great themes which have agitated England for the last forty years ; and Mr. Gladstone's sincere words upon them were never more appropriate than they are to-day. The conspicuous "religious novel" has always had a fascination for him whose constant impulse has been towards a life loftier than the world's ; and here he defines the position of the average "religious novel" of the period. Of the reticences which keep men, in modern England, from speaking to each other of the Higher Life, and of the obligations of the clergy to live closer than others to God, Mr. Gladstone delivers himself memorably. More than all does he so deliver himself on the need for an interior spiritual life in England, where the practice of confession has been abolished by a strong man, but where a stronger than he (the name will rise at once to the lips of readers) came with the Tractarian Movement to restore it. This was written by Mr. Gladstone on an impulse, after reading Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Ellen Middleton," when it first appeared. The century is twice as old now ; and much has changed since then—and probably, in details, Mr. Gladstone with the rest. Nevertheless, in a recent conversation with the Editor of this Magazine, Mr. Gladstone bore witness to the permanence of the impression made upon him by this story of a distressed conscience: an impression which he has so eloquently expressed.

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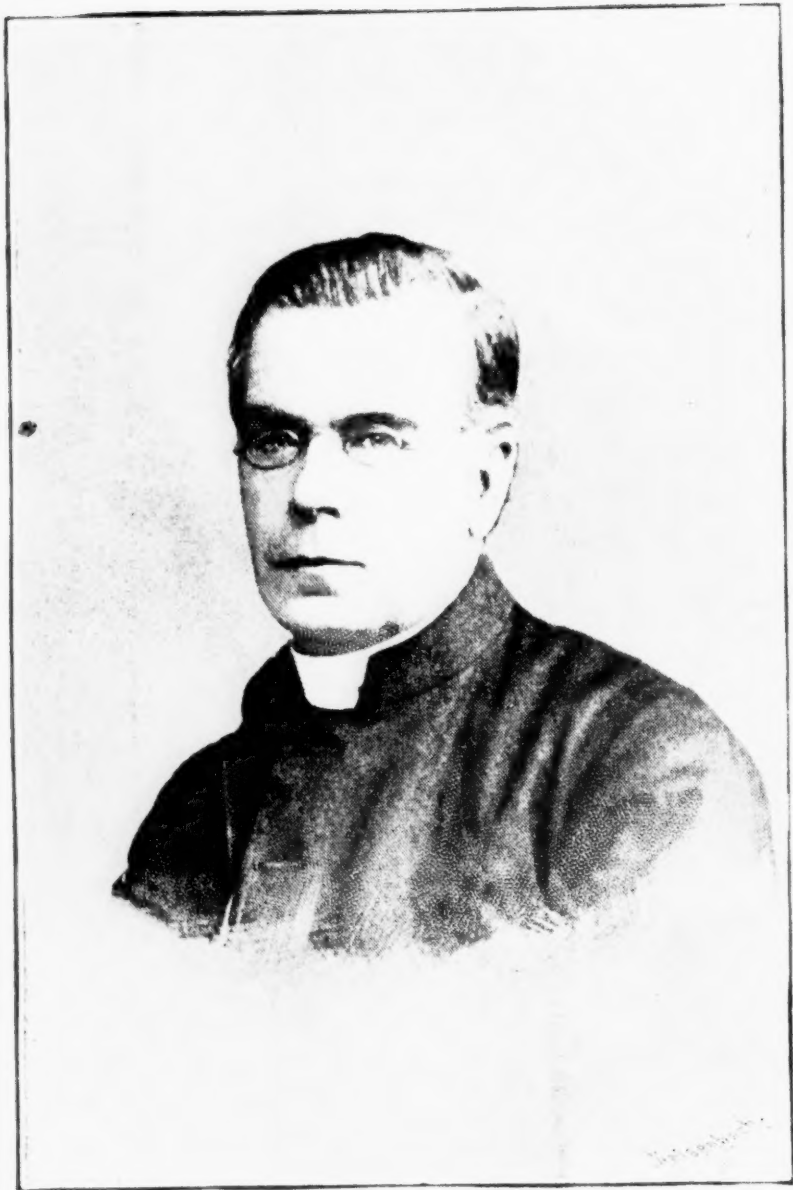
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